The RELIEF SOCIETY Magazine

Vol. XXV FEBRUARY, 1938 No. 2

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXV FEBRUARY, 1938 No. 2

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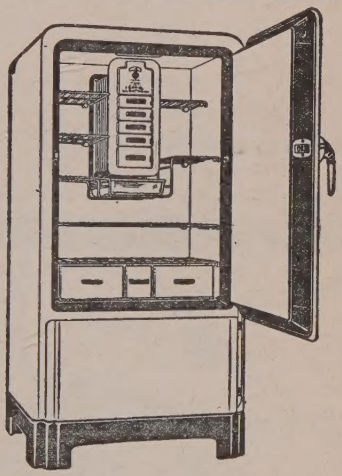

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PIONEER CABIN

By Kathryn F. Clyde

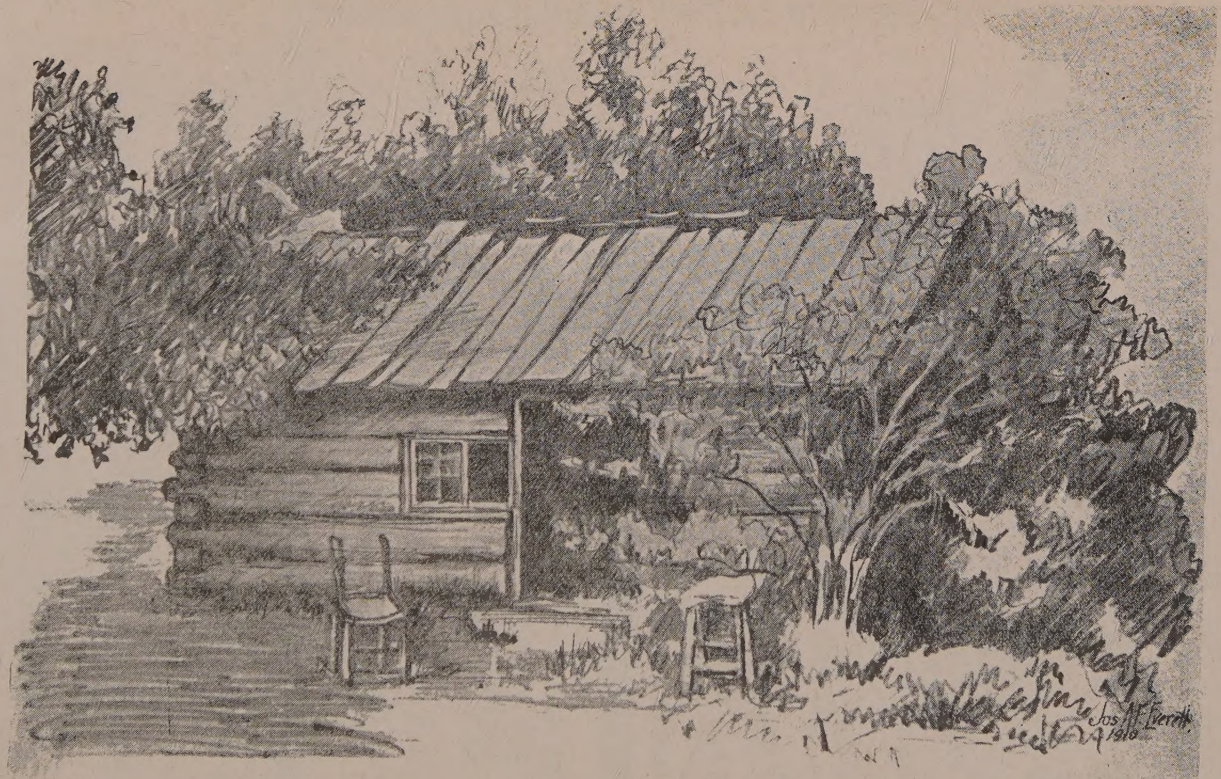
(Awarded Third Prize in the Eliza Roxey Snow Poetry Contest)

Little log cabin of long ago
Bravely weathering rain or snow,
Peacefully basking in summer sun,
Gradually turning from gray to dun;
Worn old logs of yesterday
Falling apart in slow decay,
Door ajar and windows wide
Seeming to beckon me inside—

When your sagging roof of sod was new
And your logs were strong and beams were true
And the dusty stones of your hearth were bright
With the dancing gleam of your fire-light,
When windows were hung with curtains gay
And spotless panes caught the sun's first ray—
Did you nearly burst with joy and pride
For the life and warmth aglow inside?

Did your floor resound with the echo sweet
Of happy patter of baby feet?
Or your sturdy walls—did they listen in
On children's laughter and noisy din?
And what of "Her" who was mistress here—
Did she love it all and hold it dear?
Was she brave and strong with courage true
In spite of the endless tasks to do?

Or sometimes, perhaps, at the close of day
When her noisy brood was tucked away,
Did she sit and sigh? Or didn't she mind
The luxuries she had left behind?
I hope she was happy to make the best
Of you, Little Cabin out in the West.
Please, won't you speak? I'm sure you know,
Little Log Cabin of long ago!



FIRST HOUSE BUILT IN UTAH

Jos. A. F. Everett.

The
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXV FEBRUARY, 1938 No. 2

We Believe In Obeying, Honoring and Sustaining the Law

By Don B. Colton

THE month of February seems to be a very appropriate time to give study to a subject of vital importance, not only to Latter-day Saints, but also to the entire nation.

Washington, whose birthday anniversary occurs February 22, was a great exemplar of obedience to law. The revolution which he led was not against law, but was necessary because fundamental rights were being denied to the colonists in America. The rights, which brave Englishmen had wrung from King John at Runnymede and which were granted in the Magna Charta in 1215, were being withheld. Our forefathers fought to sustain law.

While slavery precipitated the war between the states, the primary motive of Lincoln and his followers was to sustain the fundamental law of the land which had created an indissoluble union of states. The preservation of the Constitution and the Union was always uppermost in President Lincoln's mind. Obedience to law and especially the Constitution was almost a passion with him.

THE Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has, from the beginning, made emphatic declaration regarding the duty of its members to obey and uphold constitutional law. No. 12 of the Articles of Faith reads as follows: "We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates, in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law."

The Prophet Joseph Smith, first President of the Church, once said, "the cause of human liberty is the cause of God." Liberty is enjoyed by those who obey law. While the Prophet always contended for the principles of equal rights and protection for all American citizens, he always pursued what he considered a strictly legal course. He frequently stated, "we are anxious to be governed strictly by law."

Brigham Young, the second President of the Church, taught the Latter-day Saints the same doctrine. That he believed the government inspired of God is shown by the following excerpt from one of his many speeches on this subject: "The general Constitution of our country is good, and a wholesome government could be framed upon it; for it was dictated by the invisible operations of the Almighty. He moved upon Columbus to launch forth upon the trackless deep to discover the American continent. He moved upon the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and he moved upon Washington to fight and conquer, in the same way that he has moved upon

ancient and modern prophets, each being inspired to accomplish the particular work he was called to perform, in the times, seasons and dispensations of the Almighty."

Every president of the Church, including President Heber J. Grant, has repeatedly exhorted the members to obey the laws of the land as well as the laws of God. Speaking by and large of the people as a whole, I think it can be safely said that Latter-day Saints are a law-abiding, peaceable, and patient people. Of course perfection cannot be claimed, but their whole history has been one of obedience to what they believed to be constitutional law.

SCRIPTURES, both ancient and modern, are replete with the teachings of men of God to obey just laws. Paul, writing to Titus, exhorted him to teach the people to be law-abiding. He said, "Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, to be ready to do every good work." In the Book of Mormon, we read, "this people must abide by the law." On August 1, 1831, the Lord said to the Church: "Let no man break the laws of the land, for he that keepeth the laws of God hath no need to break the laws of the land." I have given only one quotation from each of three of the standard works of the Church. Many similar ones could be quoted.

LATTER-DAY SAINTS have learned from the scriptures, from inspired men and from experience how necessary it is to obey law. With such a background one would think nothing more need be said. On the contrary, however, we, like all other citizens, need to be constantly reminded. On every hand we find people, otherwise responsible, who take the position that laws are for those who choose to obey them.

Sociologists are agreed that with the breaking out of the World War there came a general breaking down of obedience to and enforcement of law. I commend to the readers of this magazine the first article in the January, 1938, *Atlantic Monthly,* entitled, "The Collapse of Conscience." We are not so much in need just now of a class conscience as we are an awakening of an individual conscience. "Where personal conscience dies there is no freedom."

Not long ago three young ladies walked out of one of our leading candy and refreshment stores. They were heard to laugh and boast that they had not paid for their refreshments and had escaped without being detected. It seemed to them a good joke. It is surprising how many people, otherwise respectable, are being used to advertise products as harmless when they have never used these products.

When do we find now-a-days another Lincoln, who will walk many miles to return a few pennies taken by mistake? Gone, in most cases, is that fine sense of strict, rugged honesty which used to be so often noted in America.

THE enforcement and obedience to the laws of the United States and the states of the Union are among the most vital problems before the people of this country today. It is more vital to the preservation of our free institutions than almost any other question.

One great authority recently said, "More than nine thousand human beings are lawlessly killed in the United States each year. (This does not include the number killed in auto accidents.) Little more than half as many arrests follow. Less than one-sixth of these slayers are convicted,

and but a scandalously small percentage are adequately punished. Twenty times as many people in proportion to population are lawlessly killed in the United States as in Great Britain. In many of our great cities murder can apparently be committed with impunity. At least fifty times as many robberies in proportion to population are committed in the United States as in the United Kingdom, and three times as many burglaries."

Whatever the value of any law may be, the enforcement of that law, written in plain terms upon our statute books, is not in my mind, a debatable question. Law should be observed and must be enforced until it is repealed by the proper processes of our democracy. The duty to enforce the law rests upon every public official and the duty to obey it rests upon every citizen.

"The very essence of freedom is obedience to law. Liberty itself has but one foundation, and that is in the law."

Few people seem to realize the force of the ideas set forth in the quoted paragraphs. If a law is unpopular, it should be repealed, but until then it should be obeyed. Any other course will lead to chaos and anarchy. Even though the processes outlined by the supreme law of the land, the Constitution, to some seem cumbersome and even archaic they should be amended or repealed; never nullified or ignored.

The Latter-day Saints especially should be on guard concerning the very foundation of their liberty. Men may honestly believe that certain fundamental changes should be made in our form of government. Let them advocate these changes in the open and not on the pretext that the processes of change are too cumbersome. When principles are at stake there can be no compromise.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN once said, "Let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father and to tear the character of his own and his children's liberty. Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap. Let it be taught in the schools, in seminaries, in colleges. Let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in the legislative halls and enforced in the courts of justice of the nation, and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions sacrifice unceasingly upon its altar."

I KNOW of no better summary of the whole question than is found in Section 134 of the Doctrine and Covenants:

"We believe that governments were instituted of God for the benefit of man; and that he holds men accountable for their acts in relation to them, both in making laws and administering them, for the good and safety of society.

"We believe that no government can exist in peace, except such laws are framed and held inviolate as will secure to each individual the free exercise of conscience, the right and control of property, and the protection of life.

"We believe that all governments necessarily require civil officers and magistrates to enforce the laws of the same; and that such as will administer the law in equity and justice should be sought for and upheld by the voice of the people if a republic, or the will of the sovereign.

"We believe that religion is instituted of God; and that men are amenable to him, and to him only, for the exercise of it, unless their

religious opinions prompt them to infringe upon the rights and liberties of others; but we do not believe that human law has a right to interfere in prescribing rules of worship to bind the consciences of men, nor dictate forms for public or private devotion; that the civil magistrate should restrain crime, but never control conscience; should punish guilt, but never suppress the freedom of the soul.

"We believe that all men are bound to sustain and uphold the respective governments in which they reside, while protected in their inherent and inalienable rights by the laws of such governments; and that sedition and rebellion are unbecoming every citizen thus protected, and should be punished accordingly; and that all governments have a right to enact such laws as in their own judgments are best calculated to secure the public interest; at the same time, however, holding sacred the freedom of conscience.

"We believe that every man should be honored in his station, rulers and magistrates as such, being placed for the protection of the innocent and the punishment of the guilty; and that to the laws all men owe respect and deference, as without them peace and harmony would be supplanted by anarchy and terror; human laws being instituted for the express purpose of regulating our interests as individuals and nations, between man and man; and divine laws given of heaven, prescribing rules on spiritual concerns, for faith and worship, both to be answered by man to his Maker.

"We believe that rulers, states, and governments have a right, and are bound to enact laws for the protection of all citizens in the free exercise of their religious belief; but we do not believe that they have a right in justice to deprive citizens of this privilege, or proscribe them in their opinions, so long as a regard and reverence are shown to the laws and such religious opinions do not justify sedition nor conspiracy.

"We believe that the commission of crime should be punished according to the nature of the offense; that murder, treason, robbery, theft, and the breach of the general peace, in all respects, should be punished according to their criminality and their tendency to evil among men, by the laws of that government in which the offense is committed; and for the public peace and tranquility all men should step forward and use their ability in bringing offenders against good laws to punishment.

"We do not believe it just to mingle religious influence with civil government, whereby one religious society is fostered and another proscribed in its spiritual privileges, and the individual rights of its members, as citizens, denied.

"We believe that all religious societies have a right to deal with their members for disorderly conduct, according to the rules and regulations of such societies; provided that such dealings be for fellowship and good standing; but we do not believe that any religious society has authority to try men on the right of property or life, to take from them this world's goods, or to put them in jeopardy of either life or limb, or to inflict any physical punishment upon them. They can only excommunicate them from their society, and withdraw from them their fellowship.

"We believe that men should appeal to the civil law for redress of all wrongs and grievances, where personal abuse is inflicted or the right of property or character infringed, where such laws exist as will protect the same.

On Lamps

By Harrison R. Merrill

MY friend, Ralph Waldo Emerson, has the habit of saying great things in a most entrancing manner. Like the wise men of old, he needs few words in which to couch his weighty thoughts.

In his essay on "Art," this major teacher said: "The hand can never execute anything higher than the character can inspire."

On the face of it, that is a simple statement, but when one looks all around and even inside it, one discovers that the sentence has hidden recesses in which lie many suggestive meanings. Simple though they were and old as some of them really are, the truths uttered by Jesus, for instance, had to be uttered by a God to make them authentic. "He talks as one having authority—or character," his listeners were wont to say, "and not as the scribes—men without character—repeaters of the law rather than creators of it."

We have all, upon occasion, heard some uncelebrated person exclaim, after having heard a speech by a celebrated one, "What did he say that I couldn't say?"

What, indeed! Nothing at all that one could not utter with his lips and tongue, but the celebrated one spoke with his life—his character.

If one would be a great artist, then one must be first of all a great person. Creative art whether it be sculpture, painting, music, dancing, or architecture, grows up from the soul of the creator.

AND now to my lamps. My friend Emerson caused me to write that preamble; a contemporary friend, bearing testimony, caused me to select as my subject—lamps.

Lamps, like almost everything else I can think of in this world, have had a wonderful growth. Many of us can remember the old days when candles were used frequently and the older ones in the community can remember when they were thought to afford a fine light. Many of us know the old time "bitch," that dish of tallow in which a piece of rag was placed as a wick. Beside a bitch, a candle is an excellent light.

Kerosene or coal-oil was a wonderful discovery or invention. By means of it, lamps became more efficient. Wicks and burners and chimneys and chandeliers followed in quick succession. These new lamps were very efficient and made the light of a candle seem wholly inadequate.

Then came gas lamps and carbide lamps and electric lamps. That was a great day, a little more than half a century ago, when Thomas A. Edison made his first incandescent lamps. It is altogether fitting that an incandescent lamp should be kept burning in Menlo Park, East Orange, New Jersey, in memory of that day, for that kind of lamp has turned "our darkness into day."

I visited Menlo Park. To me it is a sacred shrine. I've always thought it strange that incandescent lamps were so long in coming. The first blacksmith, whoever he was, who made a piece of metal glow, should have thought of the possibility of making glowing metal give off light, but he did not seem to. It remained for Edison to see the possibilities.

Gas mantels, mantels for coal-oil

lamps, and glowing carbon in electric light globes all came together.

Those first electric light globes were poor things, compared with ours of today. A great deal of electricity was required to make the wires glow and even then they gave off more heat than light, but the idea was born and men were on the way toward light-bulb perfection.

Today we have these highly efficient mazda, tungsten lamps, some of them gas-filled. We have flash bulbs and flood lights and neon lights. The world has suddenly become beautiful at night instead of black and sinister.

PERHAPS that is sufficient about lamps. I should like to return to my friend's testimony which started this line of thinking. He made the statement that we should strive to be efficient light fixtures in order that the spirit shining through us might shed a more brilliant light.

I think his illustration was apt. Many of us, I fear, are still in the candle stage. A pile of grease has to be consumed for a little light. Others are in the coal-oil stage. We require much attention if we are to be of much service. We have to be filled often, cleaned often, lit often, and even then our light is rather poor.

Then, again, there are those who are like the early electric light bulb. They receive a full measure of the spirit, but are so imperfect in their structure that they can give forth little light.

Happily, there are many built like a modern lamp—delicate, sensitive to the spirit, and lasting. A little current produces a great light. Requiring little attention, such lamps are placed in the chandeliers, or on the top of an inaccessible pole where they shed their light upon all around them. Leaders in the faith are like those lamps.

SEVERAL of the apostles chosen by the Master were wonderful light fixtures. The spirit entered into them and they have lighted up the world for two thousand years. Judas, on the other hand, was a poorly-constructed globe. The spirit, passing through him, seemed to produce a short which destroyed the Master and the globe as well.

Paul was an up-to-the-minute light globe. He had been tested and polished for years so that when the spirit came in its rich effulgence, it burned with a glory that can never die. Under the inspiration of the spirit he wrote that matchless thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, and that almost matchless fifteenth chapter.

In modern times we have the Prophet Joseph Smith as an example of a lamp that responded to the spirit until he re-lit the world.

Of course there are many others who could be named, scores of them living this very moment for as long as there is spirit there will be light fixtures through which it can shine. We must not overlook the fact that many of these brilliant lights were scientists, musicians, artists, sculptors, and even tinkers and plowmen, as witness John Bunyan and Piers.

NOW comes the sermonette. All of us may not be mazdas or tungstens, or the highest quality of lamp manufactured, but all of us can be the very best lamp of our type that it is possible to be. We can keep our filaments clean in order that the spirit may play upon them without shorting; we can keep the outside globe free from soot and grime in order that as much light as our kind of filament will give off, may penetrate to the outside world.

Jesus said, "Let your light so shine . . ."

And again He said, "Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house."

NOW, as the radio announcers say, let me return you to my friend, Ralph Waldo Emerson—I hope he is your friend, too. He said: "The hand can never execute anything higher than the character can inspire." Or, in the light of this rambling discussion on lamps, we might say, "A lamp has to be a well-put-up lamp if it is to do much toward lighting the world."

Emerson, in that same essay on "Art" put it in another way: "Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not." In other words, we must be provided with filaments which will respond to the everlasting current, or there will be darkness instead of light—and light is beautiful.

THINKING

By Caroline Eyring Miner

I WAS thinking tonight as I watched a beaufiful sunset from our back porch, life ought to be like this wonderful day, begun in a rosy dawn, hot and brilliant and splendid in mid-day, and then finished in the mellow golden richness of sunset which gradually merges, no one knows when or how, into the coolness of twilight.

I'd like to pattern my days after God's day. I knew as a child the rosy joyousness of dawn, exuberant health of body and mind, unbounded energy, the tender protecting care of loving parents, the security of home, and the carefree companionship of brothers and sisters and of playmates. I am in the hot-white heat and brilliance of mid-day. I have urgent responsibilities to challenge my best efforts, a young and consequently a demanding family, a husband charged with making a living in this uncertain and competitive age, a home to keep as a pleasant and secure refuge for my family when a hundred commercial interests are beckoning them from it, the responsibility of numerous church positions, parents and brothers and sisters to hold faith with and live up to their hopes and desires for my success and accomplishments. I can certainly know the heat of battle and the intense struggle of mid-day, and hope to know its brilliance in accepting its challenge and in struggling mightily to fulfil its obligations.

Perhaps at sunset I shall know the mellow golden satisfaction that a full day well lived shall bring, a young family grown into independent and aspiring men and women, the security and peace of a pleasant and comfortable home with enough to live on without worry, the knowledge my parents were proud of me, and the memories of the struggle of it all to share with the companion of those struggles. Perhaps, I say, I shall know this glorious fulfilment as God's day is culminated.

Rain at Three Cedars

By Ada Hurst Brown

FLORA poured her dishwater around the roots of the wild cucumber vine which covered the back stoop, almost giving it the dignity of a porch. Then she stood with the dripping pan in one hand while she shaded her blue eyes with the other.

Heat waves shimmered destructively across the hundred and sixty; fifty acres of beans drooped the edges of their dusty green leaves toward the red soil as if trying to reach the cool underlayer. On the hill beyond, a field of corn shriveled and its leaves curled inward. The corn was gone. If rain fell within a few days the beans would be saved.

In the little corral back of the henhouses and sheds, Grant harnessed the horses for his weekly trip to town. Flora sighed, and drooped in the heat like the beans. What if Grant knew how significant this trip was to be? What if—she set her lips with determination. There was no use thinking of it. For two weeks now this struggle had been going on within her, and rehashing it was of no use whatever. The letter was written.

Turning, Flora hung the dishpan on a nail beside the door and went into the house. It was a typical dry-farm house—one large room, stove and table in one corner, bed in another. She washed her hands in the wash basin, threw that water also onto the cucumber vine, then walked to the bed and sank wearily upon it.

If possible it was hotter inside than it was out. Flora had built only a small cedar-wood fire in the stove to brown some round new potatoes, but the heat still filled the room.

Five summers of it, she thought wearily. Five summers, and defeat each summer. In their first year at Three Cedars there had been a frost in late May, the next year heat and grass hoppers, the following August a sudden hailstorm that had beaten the crops to the ground. Then last year everything had been perfect—plenty of rain, sunshine, all that was needed to bring the crops to maturity. Grant had been elated. The beans—tons of them, white and brown and speckled, had been sacked and sent to the Bean Association at Denver. "This is the break we've waited for, honey," Grant had thrown his arm around her and danced her about the room. "We'll have a new room and a screen porch—we'll pipe water from the spring—we'll get a second-hand Ford—"

That year the Bean Association went under. The entire community was affected. Taxes went unpaid, women wore percale dresses to church, and Flora carefully sewed another patch on the trousers of Grant's suit.

And now—of all the insane things—Grant was raising another crop of beans, a crop that might be saved if it rained soon, but for which there was no sale if it were saved.

"WHOA," called Grant outside the back door. Flora sat up as he entered.

"Changed your mind about going to town, honey? Better come along. Do you good." He poured water from the kettle on the stove into the wash basin.

"No, it's too hot, Grant; aren't you going to shave?"

Grant splashed water over his

face. "Don't think so," he mumbled. "Make my face sore."

Flora didn't argue the point. She rose slowly from the bed like an old woman, and reached under the cretonne curtain at the bottom of the home-made cupboard, and extracted two tin pails and a large pan of white eggs. She placed the eggs two at a time into the pails, counting them carefully, until there was only one egg left in the pan.

"Six dozen and a half," she said aloud. "Get a sack of salt, and then you'd better take the rest and get a new shirt. I can't make that one hold out much longer."

Grant was rubbing water on his hair to make it lie straight, and did not answer.

Flora raised her fingers to her temples and pressed on them. Silence and heat and dirt! Silence—she wanted to scream and shatter it. But if she did, Grant would not leave her, and Grant *must* go to town today.

"Anything else?" Flora shook her head and held out the egg-filled pails to him. "You'll go to the postoffice, of course. Oh, yes," very, very casually, "get a stamp to put on my letter to mother."

She opened the lid of her old trunk and took out the letter, scarcely breathing as she did so. If anything should happen—if Grant should learn what was in that letter—

"Put it in my pocket," said Grant standing with an egg pail in each hand. Flora placed the letter carefully in the back pocket of his blue denim trousers. He turned and kissed her perfunctorily on the forehead.

FLORA stood in the doorway and watched the wagon until it passed over the hill. Then she went back into the house and threw herself face downward on the bed, with her hands clenched at her sides.

Maybe she was a piker. Maybe she would be sorry sometime, but a person couldn't be expected to endure this forever. She thought of Portland—the place of her birth—the clean, rain-washed streets and houses—the broad Willamette moving leisurely and peacefully to the sea—the shops, the theaters—the roses—it was a city of roses instead of a county of beans!

She remembered her meeting with Grant—on the dance boat floating along the black river. He had been with an acquaintance of hers, and it had been, if not love at first sight, at least interest that had turned to love within a few weeks.

Grant had been so handsome then. He had been in the city just long enough to lose his sunburn, and retain only an interesting tan. His mouth had a fascinating quirk at the corners, and he made love beautifully.

Love! Most of that had been taken out of him in this desert country to which he had insisted upon returning after their marriage. Life was not love and happiness and romance. Life was fighting—fighting against the soil and elements—for existence, for the food one ate, and it had been a losing fight. One had no time nor energy for the niceties of love. One was often too tired to speak. . . .

She had written so bravely to her mother. She had kept her from knowing their circumstances—had made excuses to keep her from coming for a visit last summer. She would have died rather than have let her mother know—

But that was last summer. That was before the Bean Association had taken their beans and failed. Since then she had been torn between her

duty and love for Grant, and her hatred of the way they lived. It had taken an effort to write the letter asking her mother to send for her, but it was done now. The letter had gone, and her mother would come after her.

She'd miss Grant, though, and worry about him. She could see him now, plodding alone, fighting alone, nothing to look forward to excepting another day of struggle. She must stop that, or she'd change her mind. After all, Grant had his relatives, his friends.

SHE jumped from the bed and rubbed her eyes. She must have been asleep, for it was almost dark. She walked over to the alarm clock on the cupboard, wondering if it had stopped, because it said only four-thirty.

Then a sudden flash and a low rumble brought her fully awake. It was *rain!* The rain for which they had hoped and prayed and despaired of getting. The rain that would put new hope into the hearts of thousands of farmers throughout the district.

A fresh, sweet, cool smell came through the door with the first drops. Flora threw a wrap over her shoulders and ran outside. Her half-grown white leghorns would not have sense enough to get inside the coop. She found them huddled in a corner of the run, picked them up in her apron, and placed them on the roosts with the hens. If it kept raining they would have to go without their supper that night. She scattered wheat on the floor in case it should become light enough for them to rouse themselves to eat.

The rain was coming in sheets now, and Flora stood in the henhouse doorway, watching it. She loved her chickens. She had brought them up from eggs, and their ancestors before them. She had studied everything she could find about them, and Grant had taught her some things. She knew how to distinguish the layers with their long backs, red combs and scaly legs, and their three and four finger spread. She culled the non-layers, and baked them for Sunday dinners.

She hoped the young chickens were not wet enough to do them any harm. They would need the eggs next winter to trade at the store for salt and sugar and those things they did not raise on the place.

But of course, she would be in Portland next winter. She would be going to shows, shopping for new clothes, living again. Living? Hadn't this been a struggle that was worth while? Wasn't this really living?

THE first fury of the rain passed, and it settled down to a fine drizzle that would last the night. Flora walked out into it, her head bared to the fine mist. The beans had already straightened their leaves, as if to catch every drop of moisture. They stood erect and beautiful in the wet, red soil.

In his farming, Grant used the scientific ideas he had learned at the Agricultural college, along with some practical ones of his own. His beans were planted far apart, so there would be more moisture per plant, and they were clean and free from weeds. It would take only one year, one good year of crops and sales, to put them on their feet, to make as much as an ordinary wage earner made in five years.

It was ridiculous for her to have thought of leaving Grant. It must have been the heat that had made her write that letter. Why, it would have been like tearing herself to pieces. *She and Grant were one,* not until death did them part, but for all eternity.

But how could she explain all that to mother? Mother would be after her as soon as she received that letter. Mother would never understand the worry and heartache and glory of achievement over the soil—over the elements. It would be difficult, but she must think of some way out of it, some way of keeping Grant from learning.

THEN she saw Grant driving in at the gate. He wrapped the reins around the brake and sprang from the wagon, catching her in his arms and carrying her into the house, holding her tight—tight, and kissing her lips as he had not done for months, while the rain water still ran down their faces.

Flora caught her breath. "Grant! Whatever on earth?"

Grant reached in his back pocket and took out two letters, one of them unstamped. For an instant his face clouded. "Look, I forgot to mail your letter. But wait till you see—you won't blame me—"

He drew out a blue slip from the other envelope. It was a substantial check from the Bean Association. A letter stated that there would be another in a month or so, and there was also a contract for this year's beans.

"We can have two new rooms. If I build them myself next winter, we could have three. We're going to need three. Look, I think we can have hot water too—I've brought a catalogue—then I'll have a bath every night like you want me to."

Flora was too giddy to think straight. She clung to him, his triumph hers. She had helped him to do all this, even if she had been about to run out on it.

"Did you get your shirt?" she asked foolishly.

Grant shouted. "I forgot to take the eggs to the store. But we'll go in together tomorrow. I want you to see Ben Allred's Ford. I want you to help me cash the check, I want you—"

But Flora was crying. Of course he wanted her, just as she would always want him. They were one. They couldn't live apart.

"What we can do for another is the test of powers; what we can suffer for is the test of love."—Westcott.

"Believe me, every man has his secret sorrows, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad."—Longfellow.

"We here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that the government of the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."—From "Address at Gettysburg," by Abraham Lincoln.

Women's Responsibility to Citizenship

By Elva T. Cowley

THE citizen of today is facing one of the most momentous eras in the world's history; an era in which we may well pause to say "whither are we going?" We are living in the midst of great turmoil. Men may say it is a struggle for the supremacy of this or that form of government, but it really is a conflict of ideals, a conflict of differing conceptions of human rights, of justice, and of what shall constitute the well-being of the human race.

Thus as citizens of this present day, we are challenged to maintain the standards, aims, and ideals of our forefathers. It was our forefathers who procured for themselves the rights and liberties which they have handed down to us in the form of government under which we live.

We are indebted to those brave ancestors of ours whom we call founders, for our present civilization, our homes, schools, and our general well-being. We owe much to those men and women who braved unknown dangers, without friends, homes, or any of the common necessities of our existence, to cast their lot in a new world. If the women as well as the men had not been made of the stuff of heroes, we perhaps never would have known the joys of a land of liberty and all it implies. Therefore we should not be indifferent to present-day civic and political problems and the responsibility resting upon us to preserve this great democracy which is our heritage.

Looking back over history, we are well aware that it took long centuries of struggle to win a democratic government through which the people have the power to rule their own affairs, to win a government of rights and privileges; a government whose founders pronounced that each individual should be equal to every other individual in his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. This government of ours was planned for the sole benefit of its citizens. It furnishes man the means of establishing a home. It gives him protection and security. It supplies educational opportunity, recreation, and leisure. It gives man individual rights in courts, the opportunity to earn an honest livelihood. It affords political activity, the right to vote, and the right to worship God according to the dictates of conscience.

There are, however, many things besides rights among the essentials of good citizenship, and these are the things we must pause to consider if we as a people shall continue on an upward course and attain the highest degree of peace, happiness, and security. There are obligations we, as citizens, owe to our government and to each other. If we are going to perpetuate the ideals of liberty and combat the conflicting forces which seem to be undermining governments today, we must sense our obligations.

IN order to be good citizens we should feel obligated to develop a high order of intelligence through education, and use that

intelligence to promote the common good. We should have an appreciation of human values, well-balanced judgment, a profound sense of obligation to service, and an obligation to have good characters and be obedient to the laws. We should use our voting power, in order that we may select individuals of high quality to direct the affairs of state and also develop a readiness to abide by the will of the majority and respect the rights of the minority.

Often not fifty percent of those qualified to vote turn out at election to cast ballots. Too frequently many of those who do go to the polls are inadequately informed on the questions which they are called upon to decide on election day.

We cannot maintain by inertia the high standards and ideals of our ancestors. We can maintain them only by using our efforts to secure higher standards of public service, to secure a higher sense of loyalty. We must become conscious of our civic responsibilities, and must be awakened to those forces always in our midst which tend to tear down the fundamentals and start a new order of things.

How are we going to meet these obligations, to develop such qualities? We are going to call upon the women of the nation, the mothers of the race, to train themselves, to educate themselves, in social, civic and political affairs in order that they will be better able to train the individual from childhood, to be intelligent, loyal and law-abiding.

THE first social unit to appear in man's evolution was the family. As far as is now known the headship of this unit was first vested in the mother. Women was one of the earliest burden bearers of the race. From the time the rudest home of primitive man was established, her work there made of her a jack-of-all-trades.

It early became woman's part to secure food for her family. It was she who, in doing this, first invented ways of cultivating, harvesting, and preserving vegetable foodstuffs. She also developed the textile arts and did practically all of the weaving until machinery was invented. It fell to woman to dress the skins of animals and make garments of them. It was the woman who developed the art of making pottery and other types of decorative art. She early became the patroness of religion, for she appears in the character of priestess in many primitive cults and was the guiding influence for good in her home. Thus through the long ages of human evolution woman shared her full portion of the burdens and responsibilities of home and family. As producer, artisan, economist, and administrator, she measured up in that primitive era to our corresponding ideas of good citizenship.

Then there appeared the father-right in family control. Out of the family, as it developed and branched, came the tribe or clan with its patriarchal ruler. Then came that period during the Roman Empire that woman's liberty was limited and she was given inferior rank, remaining that way for centuries.

IT has been a long and tedious struggle for woman to come again into her own rights and be considered as man's equal. For years woman struggled for her franchise, her right to vote. For years she struggled for a place in

the world of business and for a voice in the affairs of state.

In 1840 according to Harriet Martineau there were only seven employments open to women in the United States. These were teaching, needlework, keeping boarders, working in cotton mills, book binderies, type setting, and household service. Since the World War, women have been given every opportunity to forge ahead. Their influence is being felt in every activity of life, in government and in business.

THE family is the base of all social progress. The woman is and must be the central figure in the home. She has come to realize that in order to protect her home she must go outside of it to study the influences that threaten its security. We believe with George Elliot Howard that as the ideal of the family rises, civilization advances. Although many forces have altered the function and structure of the home from primitive times, when it was the center of production and activity, the family still remains the most powerful educational agency in society. In the popular mind the home is still almost entirely responsible for the mental and moral development of the child during the first six years of life and as the mother spends more time with her children than the father or anyone else, it is she who forms the character of these individuals, the future citizens of the nation.

A GREAT responsibility therefore rests upon woman. It is her duty in order to make of her children good citizens, to first be one herself and be interested in activities that affect her home. Second, she must see that her children are physically fit through proper diet and nutrition. In contributing to the mental health of her children she must teach them to think clearly and act promptly. She must cooperate with the school. Many of the troubles of children in school have their origin in home conditions. It is essential that the school have the opportunity of visiting the homes and helping the solution of children's problems and just as essential that parents visit the school and assist in the solution of its problems.

It is the duty of parents to teach their children morality, proper sanitation, temperance, obedience, honesty, purity, unselfishness, and love; to teach them reverence and devotion and make of the home a spiritual center. We must make plain to our youth the tremendous significance of the family as the social unit and must teach the sacredness of marriage and motherhood as a guaranty of social purity and individual respectability. If we neglect our duty, we may unconsciously become accomplices to the great army of criminals which are infesting America today and to those unsocial individuals who attempt to destroy governments.

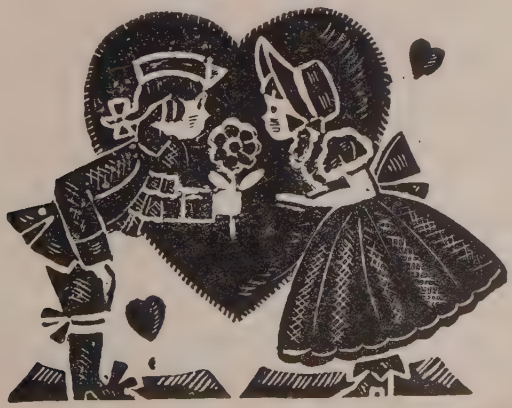
ACCORDING to J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, in a speech delivered April 23, 1936, to Daughters of the American Revolution, their files show that there are actually three million convicted criminals. Beyond this he said there are enough more with police records to demonstrate that an average of one out of every 25 persons in the United States has at least had his brush with law enforcement agencies and is inclined

toward criminality, that there are in America today 150,000 murderers roaming at large—also that twenty percent of crime is the work of persons who have not yet reached the voting age. He said we have youth in crime because we have failed to provide youth with proper outlets and upbringing. In most instances children are driven to crime because of deep-laid fauits in society, such as poverty, degeneracy and because of their elders' neglect, laxity in early discipline, apathy on the part of parents and neglect by those of the community who should help the helpless. We must beware also, for political alliance with crime exists in community, state, and nation; political protection is given to the criminal and the racketeer in many communities. It is for us to see that such evils are wiped out.

AMERICA grew and prospered by unswerving loyalty to high ideals, by unfaltering respect and reverence for the law, and by the kindly watchful care of mothers over their children and homes. Our boys and our girls are the seedlings of America to grow and develop as their parents and surroundings direct. The man and woman of yesterday we know. There is no doubt about their future as citizens. They had courage, pioneer courage, and the patience of saints. They knew the full meaning of the words loyalty and patriotism. They built for us a nation greater than all other nations. It is for us to preserve it with all its fundamentals, its standards, and ideals. We the citizens of today and tomorrow can only do it by active intelligence and good judgment.

If government is to spring from the common people of a nation, they must have such qualities as shall enable them to select experts who will conduct the affairs of state in the interest of all the governed.

Our intellect is the only instrument that we possess whereby we may hope to direct our own lives or to meet the situations that confront us. It is therefore imperative for every one of us to train judgment, to add to knowledge, and to increase wisdom. If we do this we will have better homes, better communities, and a greater nation, and be able to meet our present-day problems.



The Romance of Lace

By Dorothy Nell Mair

THE attractive displays of lace-be-decked valentines at this season of the year, as well as the popular use of lace for wearing apparel the past two years, recalls to us a bit of its romantic history.

While there are no records to prove that lace existed before 1500 A. D. it is believed to have been used by early Egyptians, due to the findings in old tombs and excavations. The fabrics found are not lace, as we know it, but an open mesh cloth made of gold and silver and colored threads, often studded with gems and elaborately ornamented, suggesting the splendor of the East. Moorish, Greek and Arabian patterns have been found, which testify to the fact that lace-making is not a comparatively new art, but a very old one, restored.

Italy has long been famous for its drawn work, or cut work, from which developed the present needle point lace patterns. This drawn work was exceedingly popular in the days of the Doges of Venice. It was called Nun's Cloth, having been made in convents by the nuns who devoted much of their time to teaching the making of it, and who attempted new designs and methods. From these patient experiments developed the first "Point in the Air," or Venetian Lace. This new form immediately became popular.

AT this same time, the printing press was making its appearance with marked success. Through it, lace-making instructions and patterns were taught to the peasantry and brought about the beginning of a great industry which flourished and spread.

Lace reached its greatest popularity during the Renaissance when all Europe was a show place for extravagance. The use of lace was not confined to the costumes of gracious ladies, but found its way into the costumes of the men as well. It was used profusely on ruffs about the neck, cuffs falling gracefully over the hands, and rows of it were placed around the tops of large flared boots worn by the guards of the king. Lace was indispensable at court, and because of it, the lace-making industry flourished, bringing to women in the homes of the peasantry a means of livelihood.

Linen thread is used for making lace, and it is said, the flax of Flanders is the best in the world. Great care is taken in the spinning of the flax. To protect it from exposure to dry air, which might cause it to break, it is spun in dark underground rooms. Lace-making thread can be used for regular sewing, but regular sewing thread can not be used for making lace. Cotton thread lacks the strength and durability necessary in lace, and although it is a beautiful white, it discolors and stretches out of shape when washed.

ABOUT the same time as Venice was promoting her new art—needle point lace, or "Point in the Air"—Flanders was also promoting a lace-making industry of a different type. To Barbara Uttman in 1561 goes the credit for inventing pillow lace in Flanders. This lace is made by bobbins attached to linen threads, and passed over and under each other until they cross, plait, and twist to form intricate designs. The work is done on a hard, round pillow to

which is pinned the parchment pattern. Needle point lace is just what its name implies, being done with a needle and thread and consists of the loop stitch woven over single threads stretched from one point to another in accordance with the pattern followed.

Both Flanders and Venice rank first in the making of their particular type of lace, but Venice, with all the popularity of the needle point variety, has not forsaken the ancient cut-work.

Were it not for the modern, yet delicate, lace-making machinery the cost of lace would make its use prohibitive to the average woman. It was not until after years of experimentation that the lace-making machinery was perfected. The struggle in perfecting it is no less romantic than the origin of lace itself. Today, the finest patterns in either needle point or bobbin lace can be copied without excessive cost, and makes available to every one this delicate finery.

MY JEWEL BOX

(Awarded Honorable Mention in the Eliza Roxey Snow Poetry Contest)

By Ada Mathews Long

Some ladies have fine jewel boxes
Of ivory and jade;
Some have theirs of platinum
With diamonds all inlaid.
Within these lovely boxes
They carefully hide from sight
Their costly rings and bracelets:
They're locked in the safe at night.

Now I have lovely jewels too,
Priceless and very rare.
My jewel box is a baby's bed,
How sweet to see them there—
Two sapphire eyes, two ruby lips,
Four tiny gleaming pearls,
The sun strikes lovely golden glints
From wispy silken curls.

I carry my jewels all around
For everyone to see,
Gazing at the gems I have
No doubt they envy me.
At night when heavy eyelids droop
And my darling is undressed,
I lay my treasure carefully
In my jewel box, to rest.

Love's Old Sweet Song

By Helen Hinckley

BUT you don't understand, Mother!" Alliene thrust out her brilliantly painted lips in a pout. "If you could only see the other girls you wouldn't object to the little bit I put on. You don't care whether anybody ever looks at me or not, but I do. You don't care. . ."

"Alliene, don't speak to your mother like that!" Mr. Baine lifted his eyes from his paper. The painted face of his sixteen-year-old daughter was as much a shock to him as it had been to Mrs. Baine, but he had long ago given the responsibility of this bundle of energy, wit, and fireworks, into his wife's more capable hands. Now he felt it his duty to back up the maternal discipline. "You do as your mother tells you!"

Alliene turned her flushed face in his direction. The bright color which she had applied so liberally, glimmered grotesquely on her reddening face. "If you two weren't so darn blind, you'd see what you're doing to me. I can't even look like the other girls. I can't even. . . ."

"Now, Alliene. . . ."

"It's true anyway. Oh, I don't blame you because I can't have enough clothes to look decent. I know you do all you can for me. At least I should know. You tell me often enough."

"Why, Alliene, I—"

But Alliene was off to a flying start. "If you'd only make what I *do* have, fit! My clothes just hang on me. I look like a scarecrow."

"You can scarcely blame your mother because you don't eat enough to fill up your clothes."

"And that's another thing. Who wants to carry jelly sandwiches to school? Jelly or peanut butter sandwiches in a paper bag when all the other kids eat at the drug store!" Alliene threw herself on to the settee and began to weep convulsively. The original subject of argument was forgotten and all of the girl's past woes rose up to choke her. Mrs. Baine motioned for her husband to withdraw. Here was a situation which she could handle better by herself. Without saying a word she went over to the piano and began to play with smooth rolling chords, "Love's Old Sweet Song." Her fingers touched the keys softly, almost lovingly. She seemed to have forgotten her unhappy daughter in the dream that she was weaving for herself.

Alliene wiped her eyes, considered dashing to her room but discarded that dramatic gesture as being lost on the quiet back of her mother. She walked to the window and looked out over the snow to the pale redness of the western sky. It was not until Mrs. Baine had struck the last loving chord that Alliene came over to her. "Sorry, Mom." It was as near as she had ever come to an apology.

"You think I don't understand? Wait here a minute. I want to show you something." Mrs. Baine slipped away and in a few minutes returned with a little brass-bound wooden box made in imitation of a seafaring chest. "I've thought ever so often that I'd burn these things, but then I've put them away again."

She opened the chest; Alliene peered in. There was a bunch of letters tied with ribbon. "The proverbial letters tied in blue," Mother

said as she laid them aside. "Your father wrote them to me while he was on his mission to the Islands." Under the letters—what was that? Lace and silk, and paper, and ribbon, and crushed crystal!—"I've kept some of my valentines—some that have stories." She handed Alliene a lopsided heart cut from a bit of bright wall paper. A clumsy door on the front opened to disclose a glowingly red rose. Inside was the verse:

"If you love me, as I love you
No knife can cut our love in two."

Alliene laughed—so did her mother, but with a peculiar tenderness. "You made that for me, dear, all by yourself, the year that you were seven. You remember we had chickenpox that year and made ourselves a Valentine box because you couldn't go to school."

"It's funny," the girl commented, rather ashamed of her emotion as she remembered that home Valentine box which was typical of the way her mother had smoothed away her disappointments.

"I like the verse, but I've often wondered about the knife." Alliene's arms slid around the older woman's shoulders. "It's still a true verse," she said briefly.

"That's my choicest valentine, but I didn't get out my memory chest to show you that. Look through these, daughter, and pick out the one that looks most interesting. I'll tell you its story. For several quiet minutes Alliene fingered the valentines. Even her smooth fingers seemed to roughen the aging glazed silks, the lace, and the fringe. A large heart with folds and fluting of satin ribbon caught down with brass heads and entirely covered with crushed crystal interested her first.

"Did he wear a checked suit?" she laughed as she lifted it carefully from the pile.

"No, there is no special story connected with it—except—Well, he was very modest, rather backward, a boy who, before he came to the Academy, had never even seen a train. If one judged him from the appearance of this valentine one would have missed all the real side of him."

Alliene felt vaguely uncomfortable. The valentine looked so like the painted face she had been defending fifteen minutes before. If people judged her by her make-up would they miss the *real* side of her, she wondered? Yet the hint had been unintentional. Mother was fingering another heart with a reminiscent smile. As the girl touched the dainty things she began to see her mother as a young and happy girl. Nobody could send these bits of sentiment to the type of woman she had pictured her mother to be. The verses were old fashioned but they were sweet and sincere.

"Well, you haven't asked for the story yet." Alliene lifted carefully a double square of silk. On the front, in print much entwined with hand painted flowers were the words "Sweets to the Sweet," and on the inside was the poem "Love's Old Sweet Song."**

"Has this a story?"

"I'm glad you selected this one. When I was about your age I was working after school and on Saturdays at the drug store. I couldn't have gone to the Academy if I hadn't helped myself in some way, but often I hated it. The young folks seemed to select Saturdays and after school for their picnics and snow festivals. I used to just burn when I thought of the other girls and *the* boy!"

"*The* Boy?"

"Surely. When I even caught a glimpse of him I felt my throat tighten. When he spoke to me I was speechless. I would have done anything to attract his attention—anything! Although he seemed to laugh and talk to the other girls, with me he was quiet and somehow self-conscious. I thought that he didn't like me. He came into the store that thirteenth of February and said that he had decided to spend Saturday buying a valentine for the 'only girl in the world.' My heart almost stopped beating. I was determined not to let him see how I felt so I showed him all the lovely things in the store. At length he bought a box of candy with a valentine on the lid and I wrapped it carefully for him. As he put the package under his arm and walked away I felt as if I would never smile again. I hated myself because I cared and told myself that he didn't make any difference to me and then I hated myself even more for trying to deceive myself."

"Why, Mother, that's just the way I feel about Ralph. I just must—"

"I know, dear. Don't think I haven't understood your desire to paint, to overdress, to—That's why I'm telling you something I've kept to myself for years. I was miserable that night. I hardly slept at all and the next morning it was with an effort that I dressed and went to teach my Sunday School class. The little story was something about the good child who got what he wanted—you know the type—and my lips curled bitterly at the absurdity of the idea that I was putting into the children's minds.

"We had finished dinner and were just doing the dishes when someone lifted the latch on the gate. Your Aunt Mae, all excitement, nearly broke a leg getting the news to me that a 'young man' was calling. It was 'HE' and under his arm he carried the box which he had purpurchased for 'the only girl in the world.' With scarcely a word he handed it to me. We knew then that—well, that we both felt the same way."

"What happened to him?" Aliene asked.

"He just left the room a few minutes ago looking rather worried."

"Father?" The word was an amazed gasp. "You ever felt that way about Father?"

"Why do you suppose that in the evenings I play 'Love's Old Sweet Song'? Look again at the verse in the valentine, my dear. Rather a foolish story, isn't it?"

Aliene made no answer. Instead she turned to the piano. With one hand she wiped off the ugly rouge while with the other she picked out the melody of "Just a Song at Twilight." * * *

LIFE IS MADE OF MUSIC

By Grace Zenor Pratt

(Awarded Honorable Mention in the Eliza Roxey Snow Poetry Contest)

Life is made of music; fragments as sweet and calm
As silver nocturnes, or soft, low pastorals
Of sun-kissed fields, of wooded vales and hills;—
Sometimes a rhapsody of happiness that spills
About us, like the trill of warbling birds at eve,
Or soft, gay laughter from some make-believe.
We hear a symphony in stormy winds 'mid summer leaves,
And in the deep, green silence of a forest all unstirred,
May sense a full and rapturous melody in one wild bird.

At sunrise, triumph rises height on height sublime
And pæans of sheer glory to the night of stars . . .
The wild wind's fitful gusts, whose variations soar and cling,
Rebound again from earth's far places echoing;
Rhythm in tossing waves, music of mountain pines,
Uplift in color, the glow of scarlet wing
May make the low, intangible voice of music sing.

Life is made up of music, sometimes low minor strains,
May touch the spirit with their healing power,
After the spirit has been terror-craven,
And comes at last to rest within some blessed port,
Sails all agleam, into some peaceful haven.

Life is but music, each day it weaves its subtle spell
About our very souls, giving to us more melody of spirit . . .
That we may hold communion with far places,
With the intangible, be bound more closely to the Infinite
By those sweet sounds which fill our veins with heavenly fire,
And lift our souls so gloriously above all mean desire.

More Than Bread

By Anna Prince Redd

A PLAY IN ONE ACT: TWO SCENES

CAST OF CHARACTERS

AUNT FORBES—A wealthy, unmarried woman about seventy-five. Very intelligent and still handsome. She is "crotchety," tired of the sham and superficiality that surrounds her. Is becoming retrospective.

ORLENE ORDWAY—Her sophisticated niece. Nineteen; pretty, but artificial looking.

PHILIP ORDWAY—Brother of Orlene; with inventive tendencies; held down by his mother and Orlene to a round of society.

JIMMY—A foundling Aunt Forbes has just acquired, to the disgust of her relatives.

TERRY LOWDER — Aunt Forbes' young lawyer.

ANN WELLS — Granddaughter of Aunt Forbes' girlhood friend, Margaret White.

SCENE I

The curtain rises on a beautifully furnished, restful living room. May be as elaborate as desired, but must retain an air of liveableness and good taste. Two chairs are at right angles to the grate in which a low fire burns. ORLENE *and* AUNT FORBES *are seated in these chairs,* ORLENE *nearest the audience. There is soft light in the room.* ORLENE *is restless and ill at ease. As curtain rises she leans forward questioningly.*

ORLENE: But Aunt Forbes, if you must have her here why not have had Phil and me come later? You know how he detests girls, unless they're ultra-everything. You've tried getting him interested in your proteges before.

AUNT FORBES: Phil would be a perfectly normal boy if you and your mother would let him alone. I don't give a sou whether he likes her or not. For a year I've been arguing a point with Terry concerning my will. (ORLENE *looks worried*) Her presence here is necessary to prove my point or justify Terry's skepticism. It is essential that we know the girl intimately. It suits me to have you know her too. At the end of two weeks I will make my will. (ORLENE *is more nervous*) But with Terry here I imagine your visit, at least, will not be unpleasant.

ORLENE: Really? That does save the situation. It's hard to remember that Terry's your lawyer.

AUNT FORBES: I suppose so. He should be a slightly neurotic young man, that I pay ten thousand a year to dance attendance upon you. (*She walks testily, with cane, to window center R. and looks out.* ORLENE *toys restlessly with objects on a small table.*) Can't see a thing for trees! Hedge myself about with a forest so the curious will be shut out and then I can't see out!

ORLENE: It's past train time. Joseph has had time to bring her from the station!

AUNT FORBES (*not turning*): Joseph! I sent no servant. I sent Terry Lowder to meet Margaret White's granddaughter. You moderns would have left her to find

her way alone and likely would have forgotten to give her the address.

ORLENE (*breathlessly*): Aunt Forbes, why are you bringing her here?

AUNT FORBES (*evasively*): Oh, she may be just a type that I'm interested in. I'm sick to death of this fast-living age. I may just want to see if old-fashioned girls still exist, or if they all succumb to wealth and position as Terry says they do. (ORLENE *goes swiftly to her chair.* AUNT FORBES, *relenting, follows.*) I suppose you're the product of your society mother, an impractical father and my money! (*She means this to be kindly but* ORLENE *is stung by it.*)

ORLENE (*jumping up, back to fireplace*): You're always saying things like that! If it hadn't been for mother, Dad would have been a mere mechanic in spite of his education. He can't resist tinkering with greasy black machinery even yet. He buys cars just to tear them to pieces and put them together again. Phil would be just like him if Mother didn't keep hammering ideals into him. Sometimes I think you actually approve of the way they do!

AUNT FORBES: Are society and money everything?

ORLENE (*angrily*): Well, you've always had money. Only those who have it, enjoy the luxury of despising it. I believe you've just adopted this waif, Jimmy, to prove that mother is wrong! (*She walks away.*)

TERRY (*outside*): Don't bother, Joseph, we'll announce ourselves. (*A moment of tense expectancy and* TERRY *enters with a lovely brown-haired girl, fresh and eager-looking, dressed modishly. She is a distinct shock to both women.* TERRY *is beaming.*)

TERRY: Well, here we are, Mrs. Forbes! (*He doesn't see* ORLENE, *who stands R.*) Miss Ann Wells.

ANN (*hesitates, then comes forward naturally*): Mrs. Forbes, it was nice of you to ask me to visit you in your home. Mother has told us about the beautiful friendship between you and her mother, as long as I can remember. We call you Aunt Jonathan. (ANN *laughs a little uncertainly.* ORLENE *is still unnoticed, her resentment growing.*)

AUNT FORBES: "Aunt Jonathan!" I like that better than "Aunt Forbes." (*She extends her free hand to* ANN, *emotion trembling in her face.*) How like my Margaret you are! (ANN *takes her hand in both her own.* TERRY *respectfully turns away. Sees* ORLENE.)

TERRY: Orlene! I didn't know you were here. I didn't see you!

ORLENE (*recovering hastily*): I'm not surprised, Terry. She's gorgeous enough to blind any man! (ANN *sees* ORLENE, *smiles.*)

AUNT FORBES: Ann, this is my niece, Orlene Ordway. (*They acknowledge the introduction.*) I want you and Orlene and my nephew, Philip, to go everywhere together—Terry can go along if he likes. Be together as much as possible and if you don't like each other—be together anyway. That's my only request for the two weeks you are here. During this time, all I have is yours, Ann. Orlene *can* be nice if she wants to. Philip always is. (ORLENE *flushes, looks uncomfortable.* ANN *looks from one to the other, catches the gleam of amusement in* MRS. FORBES' *eyes and laughs gaily.*)

ANN: What a stimulating hostess

you turned out to be Aunt (*she hesitates*) Jonathan. Orlene doesn't look too scared of you, and I'll try to make her task of caring for me as pleasant as possible.

TERRY: You were very magnanimous, Mrs. Forbes, to count me in. After all, I have to earn my salary. (*laughs*) We'll all want to see a lot of Miss Ann. I've been trying to get in her good graces by telling her all about the rest of you, (*smiles*) mentioning only your good points, of course.

ANN: That's right, Aunt Jonathan. Mr. Lowder tells me you have a boy named Jimmy, age eleven. That's just the age I like young men to be. I'm used to being looked after by a boy just his age —my brother, Bob. Jimmy will keep me from getting lonesome if you will delegate him to look after me too. (*During this speech* PHIL *has entered unobserved.*)

PHIL (*laughing*): How about an assignment like that for me, Aunt Forbes?

AUNT FORBES: She just announced that she likes young men aged eleven!

ORLENE: Phil should do beautifully. He never acts his age.

TERRY: Phil would come in! It's a good thing I had my chance with you, coming from the station. I won't be able to edge in at all now that he's on hand. (*to Phil*) But with Orlene here, I won't mind a bit, old man. (*He turns to* ORLENE *and they converse in low tones.*)

ANN (*smiling approvingly as she sizes up* PHIL): So you're Phil? How do you do. (*extends hand*) In Utah everybody shakes hands.

PHIL (*eagerly taking her hand*): It's a swell custom. Me for Utah. Are there any more girls like you out there?

ANN: Oh, scores of them! (*They laugh, are friends at once.*)

AUNT FORBES (*marching to the door C.*): Orlene, show Ann her rooms. Phil, tell Joseph to serve dinner in half an hour. Terry, I'll see you in the library. (*They all go out. Then* JIMMY, *in skating togs, comes cautiously in. Looks after* ORLENE *and* ANN. *He has been listening in.*)

JIMMY: Gosh—heck—golly— Well gee! There just aint a word that expresses her! (*he looks around guiltily, then corrects himself*) There isn't,— (*unsatisfied*) there *aint* a word that expresses what I think of her! She's a pipin. And named "Ann" too. That ain't, *isn't*, no sissy name. I wish I could have seen her better. But she said she wanted me to (*rolls the word proudly*)—to *escort* her. That'll make old Phil keep his place! She's goin' to be my girl. That snippy Orlene acts like I'm an *intruder* around here. (*enjoys the word again*) But I'll be late for dinner. (*turns a cartwheel*) Gosh, why can't I be as anxious t' eat as I used t' be when I didn't have anything to eat. Now there's so many exciting things to do that eatin's a *contemporary consideration!* (*goes off whistling.*)

CURTAIN

SCENE TWO

Living room, same as act one. ANN *and* JIMMY *are seated before the fire on cushions, turned to audience. It is two weeks later.*

JIMMY (*gazing at* ANN *adoringly*): Gee, Ann, have you really seen Indians like that? Bad Indians that even Uncle Sam couldn't make stay on their reservations. Gosh,

I didn't think there were any Indians like that only in the early days.

ANN: There aren't, any more. But it's only been a few years since the last Indian fight down in southeastern Utah where I live!

JIMMY (*incredulously*): Weren't the "Mormons" afraid of them when they first went way out there to live, so they could have the kind of religion they wanted?

ANN: Yes they were, Jimmy, but their leader—

JIMMY: Brigham Young! See, I remember his name.

ANN: Yes, Brigham Young. He taught his people to feed the Indians, not fight them. My great grandfather was an Indian interpreter and scout. I wish you could have heard him tell stories of the pioneer days. He was just exactly your's and Bob's age, living away over in South Africa, when he first heard about the prophet Joseph Smith and the "Mormons."

JIMMY: South Africa? Was—was he—black?

ANN (*laughing*): No. Jimmy, he was white. His parents were English people whom Queen Elizabeth had sent to Africa to help make colonies there. She gave people grants of land and money to go there and help settle her territory. Grandpa Billy's folks joined the Church and crossed the ocean in an old sail boat, so they could live in Utah with the people of their new faith.

JIMMY: Grandpa Billy. What a nice name. I'd like to have a grandfather to go with Aunt Forbes. She's not a grandmother, but she's every bit as nice as one. Tell me about Grandpa Billy.

ANN (*laughing delightedly at* JIMMY): Well, this story happened a long time ago. One day Grandpa Billy's father was sent by the government to haul a big wagon box full of oranges up to the natives on the reservation, and he told Billy he could go along. It all seemed very wonderful to the little eight-year-old boy to be going so far from home. His father promised him that he would see something he had never seen before, even in the jungle.

JIMMY: Did they live in the jungle?

ANN: Well, they lived very near it and often went into it, though the little boys never, never, went into it alone! (JIMMY *sighs ecstatically*) Billy sat very straight in the high seat of the wagon and rode all day. When the afternoon sun began to slant in his face, the oxen were turned into a grassy clearing, a kind of meadow.

Right then things began to happen. (JIMMY *edges nearer to* ANN. *"What?" he asks fearfully.*) Down from the hillsides, out of the timber, came hundreds of glistening, black-bodied natives. Their sweat-covered bodies gleamed in the sun. Billy clung to his father in fear while his father's servants passed out the oranges to them. They fought over the oranges so ravenously and looked so frightful to the little boy that he expected them to start eating him next. He was glad when the last big native disappeared.

JIMMY (*heaving a big sigh of relief*): Was that all he got to see?

ANN: That was all he got to see that night—for the darkness comes down swiftly in the jungle. He never left his father's side for a minute, and he was very glad when the beds were spread and he could pull the covers over his head and put his hand under his father's strong arm as they lay beside each other. He didn't intend to sleep

a wink. No sir, not him. The next thing he knew — (JIMMY *hangs on her words*) he was staring at the sun through the wagon wheel!

JIMMY (*disgustedly*): Is that all?

ANN: No! When that sleepy-eyed boy threw back the covers and crawled out from under the wagon where they had made their bed, there stood five of the longest legged creatures you ever saw. He just stared. He was as afraid to move as he had been to go to sleep the night before. The oval bodies of those strange things with feathers on, were balanced crazily on two stilt-like legs. They had long necks, and clumsy flat heads. Their legs and thighs were bare, but their bodies were covered with feathers and were finished off with very small wings. Billy was so curious that he forgot to be afraid. He gave his father a shake and asked excitedly, "What's that?" "What in thunderation's what?" his father cried, grabbing for his gun. That scared the birds away. His father began to laugh. "Those are ostriches— didn't I tell you you'd see something you'd never seen before?"

JIMMY (*beginning to laugh*): I could a told him they were ostriches!

ANN: Of course. But Billy hadn't been to the Zoo, as you have.

JIMMY: He lived where the zoo comes from; I guess I'm not so hot.

ANN: On the way home Billy wanted to ask his father all sorts of questions, but his father was thinking about something else and would scarcely pay any attention to him. So he fell silent and just tried to figure things out for himself. Soon his father said very solemnly, "Son, some day two strangers will come to see us. They will be men of God, and will have a message for us." "Who told you, father?" Billy asked. "They will come as surely as I am telling you. They will be dressed in black broadcloth suits and high hats."

That night he described these strangers to his wife at the supper table. She said: "You're as visionary as Abraham of old, George." But she knew that many times before they had averted disaster by heeding his premonitions.

JIMMY (*in awe*): Did they come, Ann?

ANN: Yes, Jimmy. Two years later they came. Just as his father had said they would. Billy was sitting out on the fence, he was the first one to see them. They were dressed just as his father had described them.

JIMMY: I'll bet he got to the house in a hurry to tell his dad!

ANN: They were "Mormon" missionaries, Jimmy. After hearing of their new and wonderful faith the whole family joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Many of their neighbors did, too. And they all crossed the ocean to be with the people of their faith.

(*The story must be told simply, vividly. Any story of like nature may be used. Near the end of the story* AUNT FORBES, ORLENE, PHIL *and* TERRY *have come in unobserved.* AUNT FORBES *signals for silence. They all listen to the end, much moved.* ANN *and* JIMMY *are still engrossed.*)

JIMMY: That's the best story you've told me yet. Wait till Phil hears that!

ANN (*aghast*): Jimmy, you don't go telling these old-fashioned stories to the rest of this household do you?

JIMMY (*shamefacedly*): Well — I

bragged to Phil that he might take you to dances and operas and places like that, but he can't sit on a cushion with your arm around him and hear stories like I do.

ANN (*springing up, looking accusingly at* JIMMY): Jimmy, you didn't! (*Sees the others in the room. They laugh at his remark.* ANN *thinks they are laughing at the story she has just told.*) I'm afraid I look very unsophisticated to you people, but I'm not ashamed. These stories are very dear to me. I'm proud of my pioneer heritage. I have never felt the need of an apology for it. Our pioneers brought from homes all over the world, a sincerity of purpose and a culture that persecution and starvation could not destroy. That culture was preserved at the cost of physical welfare. My great grandmother's melodian was pulled across the plains in a cart, pulled by men and boys, when they lost their oxen. Women whose feet were frozen and bleeding walked beside the wagon when they might have been riding. Many times it could have been sold for food, but it was not. It was the only thing grandmother took from her home. Violins were carried across the plains by men who had the heart to play them around fires of buffalo chips. Tired feet danced upon the frozen, rutted earth, and laden hearts were lifted up to go a few more weary miles. It was that culture, that innate love of beauty, that guided them in building their homes, their churches, and their sublime temples. It is an essential part of our religion! (*She pauses, breathless, looks around. No one speaks. She thinks she has offended them and hurries on brokenly.*) I—I do not know why you brought me here, Mrs. Forbes. There has been such a mixture of harshness and kindness, irony and approval, that I have been at a loss to understand why you invited me at all. I knew from my mother that it was grandmother's religion that came between you and her. You were very bitter against the "Mormons." I had hoped your attitude had become more tolerant, as has the attitude of the world.

AUNT FORBES: Sit down, Ann. You are trembling violently. (ANN *starts to protest, but she waves everybody to a seat. Sighing with a mixture of pride and defeat.*) How like your grandmother you are! Your "Mormon" missionaries have a way of projecting themselves into other people's lives. (ANN *and* PHILIP *protest. She silences them.*)—(*Here a story of how the missionaries came, may be introduced if desired.*) Margaret and I saw a good deal of two of them. Margaret was more susceptible than I was. She joined their church. She was never forgiven by her family. Had she stayed in Boston she could have had all that life has given me,—ease, luxury,— (*She breaks off out of deference to* ANN'S *distress.*) I'm an old woman, Ann. I'm offering you wealth, which your grandmother threw away. An inheritance that I think you are peculiarly fitted to enjoy—one-third of all my estate!

ANN (*has risen, stands defiant beside* PHIL, *facing* AUNT FORBES): Is that why you brought me here? You told my mother it was something vital to your happiness — your peace of mind!

AUNT FORBES: So it is. More than you know. You have already made a name for yourself as a promising young writer. With money, lei-

sure, and the opportunity for travel and study you may reach the top.

ANN: Here I would have nothing to write about. My heart and soul are bound up with the traditions of my people. Utah is my inspiration. I love every inch of its beauteous soil. I couldn't be as happy and useful anywhere else in the world. Thanks, Aunt Jonathan, but I belong with my people, and I shall never marry outside my own church!

(PHILIP *nods his approval.* TERRY *and* AUNT FORBES *exchange looks.* ANN *looks regretfully from one to the other and fixes her attention upon* JIMMY. *With a forefinger, brushes a tear from her eye, gallantly assumes a lighter air.*)

ANN: Jimmy, when I get that book of pioneer stories written, just as I've told them to you, I'll dedicate it to the two finest boys in the world—you and my brother Bob. You're going to be a great engineer someday and I'll come to walk across your bridge.

JIMMY (*his voice trembling*): It—It'll be the biggest bridge in the world, Ann, and I'll name it after you!

ANN (*striving for self-control*): I'll go and pack now, Aunt Jonathan. I promised mother I would be back by the seventeenth of March. I'm sorry if I've disappointed you. (*Includes everyone, chokes and turns to go off center door.*)

PHIL: I'll see you to the station, Ann. Maybe in Utah, too, one of these days. (ANN *smiles tremulously and goes out, followed by* PHIL.)

TERRY (*with dignity and regret*): You win, Mrs. Forbes—gloriously.

ORLENE (*disbelieving*): Can you imagine that! More power to her. Turning down a fortune as coolly as if it were an invitation to dine with the wrong man.

AUNT FORBES (*caustically*): Ann does not live by bread alone! (TERRY, JIMMY *and* ORLENE *gaze at her, sensing a tragedy they do not understand.* JIMMY, *eyes shining, stands at the door looking after* ANN, *then goes out.*) At last I know. Margaret's courage, Margaret's sacrifice—Margaret's glorious faith is justified. (*She stands like a militant prophetess in the center of the room, as if the others were not there.*)

CURTAIN

"Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say, for one, that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellow-men, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem."—Abraham Lincoln.

"With some the word liberty may mean for each man to do as he pleases with himself, and the product of his labor; while with others the same word may mean for some men to do as they please with other men, and the product of other men's labor."—Abraham Lincoln.

Children's Reading

By Florence Ivins Hyde

NO. II—IMAGINATIVE PERIOD

"Could we give one gift to every child,
We should choose the love of books."*
—*William Fredrick Bigelow.*

NO one is born with fine taste. It is an acquired quality. The love of beauty, whether expressed in art, literature, or music, is necessary to the rounding out of a happy human life. It is a thing we can give our children. Even when a child is too young to understand stories, he is influenced by the literary background of his family."

The story hour, best just before bedtime, can serve as the artistic cradle of a child just as it has for the race. The story hour leads the child to read for himself. The important thing is that during the early years, the child have good books and be protected from bad books, poorly written books, insincere books, books which preach untrue sentiments. Keep such things from your child as he reads. Do not allow a child to read poor books just because he likes them; so does he like pie.

Besides giving us literary taste, books influence us profoundly in our attitudes toward life. In an appreciation of beauty we have an outlet for the emotions nothing else can give. In this appreciation is found compensation for all sorts of disappointments. So the habits of reading formed in childhood, which will undoubtedly carry over into adult life, act as a safeguard in meeting the problems of life. Plato long ago said, "In order to teach a child *truth*, it is necessary to teach him fiction."

THE period between 8 and 12 years is a wonderful one to sow seeds of a high type. City children are continually exposed to evil companions, the pleasures of the street, low shows, bad pictures, cheap books, almost from babyhood. The church, the school, the playground, and other agencies are doing what they can to counteract these influences, but they cannot do the work that might be done in the home. A child gets knowledge and skills from his teachers but his standards of conduct from his parents. Ideals have to be taught at home. Literature is especially rich in ethical values. It is the author's interpretation of life. Its first function is to make clear and enrich our understanding of life. Directed reading habits can aid in establishing ethical standards. Dr. Henry Neuman says, "Training which imparts knowledge or develops skills or cultivates tastes or intellectual attitudes fails of its supreme object if it leaves children no better morally."

During the years between 8 and 12 boys crave action, danger and daring. It is the time during which many misdirected boys begin careers of crime. They *must* have tales which satisfy this craving for adventure. Our job is to do it with wholesome stories.

*Courtesy *Good Housekeeping Magazine.*

THERE is no finer adventure story than "Robin Hood." We suggest the Howard Pyle edition. In re-telling the story, picture Robin Hood not as an outlaw but as a man devoting his life to redressing the wrongs in an age of injustice, when might made right. His sense of justice appeals to boys and girls. The stories of "King Arthur and his Knights," of "Beowulf," are full of adventure of a high type. "The Boy's Mabinogian," by Sidney Lanier, should be owned by every boy.

Don't feel that this is dull reading because it is classic reading. A very brief acquaintance with the greatest writers develops taste. After this taste has been established such thrillers as "Tarzan" will not be so attractive. If your boy at first is bored, relieve the program with a modern type such as "Tom Sawyer" or "Biography of a Grizzly," by Steward E. White. Then go back to the classical story.

ENCOURAGE children to collect good books. A book shelf or table near their beds will help. Remember that reading children are educated children just as reading adults are educated adults. Many boys and girls are reaching maturity without the capacity to assimilate what is fine in books. This delight is being denied them in life. One mother has a plan of providing for each child a note book in which to write the fine passages he discovers as he reads. For example, such passages as this from "The Adventures of Bobby Ord," when he felt he was defeated—"Always remember that a true sportsman is about the scarcest thing they make, and the finest. So naturally the common run of people don't live up to it. If you—not the thinking you, nor even the conscious you, but the way down deep in your heart you, that you can't fool, nor trick, nor lie to—if that you is satisfied, it's all right." There is plenty of preaching in those lines but your boy will take it from Bobby Ord's old friend when he may not take it from you.

In spite of all the training a mother can give, a boy looks to men for his models. In conversation and reading a boy and his father come closely together in a way they both enjoy. If your son has teased for a gun, his father might read to him the story of Bobby Ord, talk it over and he will feel as if he has owned that gun himself.

A child who loves books lives in a world of continual adventure.

GIVE your children love. Give them health. Give them good books. And nothing in life can daunt them."

Suggested Books to Buy

Anderson's Fairy Tales—there are none better.

Child's Garden of Verses, Stevenson—Poetry.

Tailor of Gloucester, Beatrix Potter—charming to read and re-read.

"Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands, but like the sea-faring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and, following them, you reach your destiny."—Carl Schurz.

The Lotus Eater

By Mabel S. Harmer

CHAPTER IX

ONE night during the Thanksgiving holidays Helen sat up late in her own room reading and was about to undress for bed when the telephone rang. Thinking that she was the only one of the family still up, she stepped out into the hall to answer and had just taken the receiver down when she heard Nina answering from the phone downstairs. Ordinarily she would have hung up immediately but a call at eleven o'clock more than aroused her curiosity and she felt justified in waiting to hear the message.

It was Cary Hughes calling, as Helen had suspected, and he was asking Nina to meet him and go out to supper.

"But it's so late," Nina demurred. "Wouldn't some other night do?"

"It isn't late for grownups," drawled Cary in a slightly contemptuous tone. "Of course it is time for all children to be in bed."

This was enough to persuade Nina, as he evidently had known it would be. She was continually afraid that Cary would consider her too young and unsophisticated for his company.

"All right," she agreed. "I'll be ready in fifteen minutes. Where are we going?"

"We'll drive out to the 'Green Dragon.' We can make it in half an hour. I'll pick you up on the corner."

Helen hung up the receiver and slipped back into her bedroom as she heard Nina dash up the stairs and into her room to change her dress. She sank down on a chair, sick at heart. Her first impulse was to go to Nina and beg her not to go but she knew that even if she stopped her from going this time, she would not have gained anything in the long run. Every word spoken against Cary or any opposition to her going out with him only seemed to add to her determination to be in his company as much as possible. Helen dared not tell her father. Although he was ordinarily of a very mild disposition he seemed to go completely wild on the subject of Cary Hughes and had uttered dire threats against both Nina and the man if the friendship did not discontinue.

She would liked to have called Wayne but since the night that Danny had been lost and he had all but declared his love for her, Helen had avoided him whenever she could. There was only one possibility left. She would have to call Wendell Baker. Nina would be furious if she ever found out about it but Helen felt that she simply had to do something.

AS soon as Nina had left the house, Helen called Wendell and was very much relieved to find him at home. She told him the situation in as few words as possible and Wendell promised to call for her as soon as he could get there.

Helen put on a light wrap and slipped down the stairs. From the shadows of the porch she saw the younger girl walk rapidly to the corner and get into the expensive looking car that slid up to the curbing.

It was another ten minutes before Wendell arrived, and after she had seated herself in the car, Helen ex-

plained the situation a little more thoroughly. "Do you know where the place is?" she asked hopefully.

"Just that it is somewhere south of town several miles," answered Wendell, "but we'll find it. You needn't worry about that. The trouble is, what will we do when we find it? You know, we can't just walk up to the girl and say, 'Sister, dear sister, come home with me now. The clock in the steeple strikes twelve.'"

"Don't joke about it," said Helen, on the verge of tears.

"I'm not joking," answered Wendell grimly. "You haven't any idea how this hurts me. I've loved Nina as long as I can remember—ever since she was a little thing in pink gingham dresses with flyaway golden curls. I've wanted to push Cary Hughes off into the ocean every time he has looked at her," he finished vehemently.

In spite of her worry, Helen smiled at his outburst. "You mustn't blame Nina too much," she said. "Nearly every girl will succumb to the admiration of an older man, and there really is something very fascinating about Cary. But I do wish we could do something about it," she ended with a sigh.

"Maybe we can—and maybe it will be tonight," said Wendell with determination. "Anyway we are going to be found trying. I believe this is the place," as he drove up to a low-roofed typical looking road house, with a number of cars parked outside and the strains of jazz music coming from within.

"The Green Dragon," said Helen, looking at the great sprawling creature fashioned over the entrance. "Yes, that's it. Shall we go in?"

"I suppose we'll have to," answered Wendell. "I don't know what else to do."

FORTUNATELY the place was very dimly lighted and they slipped inside and into a small booth while the floor was crowded with dancing couples. The waiter raised his eyebrows when they ordered a sandwich and orangeade, but they were not concerned with his opinion. They searched the place eagerly and before long saw Nina dancing with Cary. Wendell's eyes narrowed as he noticed how Nina clung to her partner and gazed up into his handsome sensuous face.

After half an hour he said, "This doesn't seem to be getting us anywhere. What do we do when they leave? Just get up and follow them home again?"

"I don't know," confessed Helen, "but I just couldn't stay home and let her come out to a place like this without doing something about it."

"Of course you couldn't," agreed Wendell. "I suppose Cary has been drinking. You haven't any idea how I would like to march out and use my strong right arm on him," he concluded savagely.

"I'm afraid you'll have to save your strong right arm for the present," said Helen, hoping that the impetuous lover wouldn't go too far and make matters worse than they already were.

"Well, there is one fellow who is not going to spare his," Wendell answered as two men on the dance floor began knocking each other about.

Helen looked up and then gasped, "It's Cary! Where is Nina?"

They looked anxiously about. Waiters were attempting to separate the two men which added to the general turmoil and Nina was nowhere to be seen. "I think she must have left," said Wendell suddenly. "Let's go."

They hurried outside and looked

everywhere in the vicinity of the inn, but no trace of Nina was to be seen. "You get in the car and I'll go back inside. If we can't find her we'll have to start back home and look for her along the way," said Wendell.

He was back again in a few minutes. "She isn't there and she isn't with Cary, so let's start out."

THEY had gone only a short distance when they saw Nina, hatless and in a filmy, light dress, running along the road. She paid no attention when the car first stopped and was about to hurry past, until Helen called to her. Then she stopped in amazement and a moment later was in the car, weeping in Helen's arms.

"Oh, I'm so glad you came," she sobbed in relief. I've been such a fool!"

"It's all right, dear," Helen comforted her. "Let's be glad that you have been only foolish. It could have been much worse."

"I know," said Nina gravely, drying her eyes, and then looking from Helen to Wendell she asked, "How in the world did you two happen along just now?"

"We didn't 'just happen'," said Helen frankly. "We were looking for you."

"I see," said Nina, in a low tone. "I'm awfully sorry for all the worry I've caused you. I've been terribly blind, but it won't happen again."

"I'm sure it won't," said Helen patting Nina's shoulder.

As they drove up to the house Wendell said, "Could I have just a minute to say goodnight to Nina?"

"It's rather late," answered Helen, "but I haven't the heart to refuse you tonight. Be sure that you don't take more than a minute," she called as she ran up the walk to the house

more light-hearted than she had been in months.

* * *

THE rest of the school year passed rapidly for Helen. She found her work more engrossing all the time and was most delighted with the progress her students made. Just after the Christmas holidays she directed the school opera, a feat which she had long dreamed of but had never really believed she would some day accomplish.

It was a constant joy to be able to send Danny out nearly every day to play in the sunshine and to watch him grow tanned and sturdy. Nina was preparing for her marriage to Wendell the next summer and was as happy as a lark. Helen often felt that she lived again the joy of her own courtship days as she watched the glow of love in Nina's young face.

The only flaw in her happiness was the thought of Dan. He had taken the attitude from the first, that in all probability, she was staying for good and nothing that she could write seemed to persuade him otherwise. His letters became less frequent and although she could detect between the lines his yearning for her and Danny, he always refrained from urging or even suggesting that they return.

Before the end of the school year Mr. Winters came and personally offered her a contract to return and teach the following year. "One with your ability," he urged, "should put it to the broadest possible use."

Helen did not refuse immediately. The thought had strayed into her mind, as it had occasionally done before, that perhaps Dan could be persuaded to leave the ranch and come to California to live. There were such things as ranches here,

too, and if he would be content to make the change it would be possible for her to follow her musical career. Later, when she wrote and suggested it to him, he did not even answer her letter and in a fit of pique she half determined to accept the offer for next year and see if he would not come anyway.

Of late she had been toying with another idea that looked very alluring. One of her friends, who was affiliated with a local radio broadcasting station had told her that there was a growing demand for string music on the air and that if she would organize a small orchestra or trio she might have an excellent chance for steady employment.

Helen visited the station and then talked the matter over with her father. To her surprise he seemed to view the opportunity very coolly and advised her to consider very seriously before she entered into any contracts.

When June arrived all considerations were pushed very much into the background by the preparations for Nina's wedding. It was to be a very beautiful affair with a large reception and several attendants and Nina insisted that Helen act as her matron of honor.

For two weeks preceding the wedding there was a round of parties that kept both sisters in a whirl of excitement. Between engagements they were putting last minute touches to the trousseau and arranging details for the wedding reception until Helen began to look back upon the simplicity of her own wedding with a respect that she had never felt before.

WHEN all the rush and flurry was over, however, and Nina stood before her a radiant bride in her beautiful wedding gown, Helen felt that all of her efforts had been worth while. The marriage took place in a bower of greenery on the lovely secluded lawn at the rear of the house. Helen stood as one in a dream while her sister plighted her troth to her husband and repeated the words, "to stand by him in sickness or in health, for better or for worse."

Later in the evening when the last goodbyes had been said and Nina and Wendell had departed for their wedding trip, Helen stood in her room and picked up the bouquet of lovely roses she had carried during the ceremony. Into her mind flashed a picture of the roses Dan had so gallantly presented her when she was a bride. Dear, handsome, lovable Dan! Again the words "for better or for worse" came into her mind. She sank down on her knees by the bed and buried her face in the roses. "Oh, Dan," she cried, "My dear!"

(To be continued)

She Strives To Conquer

By Lais Hales

A SHORT time ago there appeared a wise and helpful book called *She Strives to Conquer,* by Frances Maule. Its aim was primarily to help the business girl by stating her problems and offering practical solutions based on present-day working conditions and requirements. The subjects discussed, however, apply to all women and the successful living of their lives.

Miss Maule tells us in her *Foreword* that never before has so much been required of the woman in business as at the present time. Business these days has no use for amateurs. You must not only have a better education and more and better specialized training, but you must look the part of your position and you must be able to measure up in every respect to its requirements. Jobs are hard to get but never were there jobs so well worth having. Practically no field is closed, and in some fields women are given definite preference. High positions, top salaries are open to any woman who has the powers, combined with business equipment, to capture them. "The woman's point of view" and "the feminine touch" are important phrases today. To succeed the business girl must observe certain unwritten rules and laws not found in any books on etiquette. The world of business is a world in itself and to itself. Its relationships, its standards, its values, its ways of doing things are different, and often absolutely opposed to the ways of the world of "polite society." A large proportion of the failures to make good in business are due to some lack in pleasing personal qualities rather than to shortcomings in the way of ability and training.

BUSINESS manners are not made. Nor do they just happen. They grow naturally out of human experience. To understand the why of business etiquette we must realize first that business exists to make money. Errors are expensive. Every employee must be a paying investment. Everybody, down to the youngest filing clerk, can be a partner in a business organization if she really wants to. The girl of good breeding is recognized in business, as elsewhere, by the amount of self-control, dignity and good humor she is able to show under *trying* circumstances. She sees that in business whatever is necessary to get an important job done, is correct.

Upon each one of the many cogs depends the smooth functioning of the great machine—business. One of the foundation stones of office ethics is that what applies to one must apply to all. Any effort to get away with privileges that are not—and in the nature of things cannot be—shared by others, is set down by all as just "not cricket." Time is one of the most valuable of commodities. In business, time is money. The wise girl wastes no office time. Nor does she use that time for anything but her work. The higher she goes in business the greater the trust reposed in her. A girl embarking upon a business career cannot resolve too soon or too strongly to show that she *is* worthy. The good sport in business *gives her job all she's got.* She is an answer to the business man's prayer—

"Send us the girls who do the work
For which they draw the wage."

If you ask big business executives and employment experts why so few women reach the top in business, the answer most often received is that women are too personal. Personality is important but in business personality means control and the ability to keep those aspects of your personality that have no relation to your work strictly hidden away during office hours. Emotion—any kind of emotion—is altogether out of place. Displays of strong feeling are in questionable taste anywhere in public. See all business matters impersonally. Oversensitiveness in an employee is rated as a liability and not an asset. Be slow to take offense. Usually no offense is meant. Maintain an impersonal attitude.

THE girl who gets the job these days is the girl who best understands how to sell herself. She should think of herself as offering a service rather than as asking for a job. This will give ease and assurance. In business, tact, poise, initiative, reliability, cooperativeness and adaptability are the five most desirable personality qualifications. These are very important as is seen in the decision of certain business psychologists that only about fifteen per cent of business success can be credited to skill, training and experience, and that the other eighty-five per cent must be checked up to personal qualifications. The ideal, of course, is to find jobs that fit our personalities. But this isn't always possible. So we must be prepared to do a certain amount of adapting of our personalities to the jobs. Every new skill or ability we acquire builds up, enriches and strengthens the personality. The business girl should train herself to be always courteous, well-mannered and good-tempered, and learn how to keep her nerves and emotions under perfect control. Then simply and inevitably she will *have* the personality that every employer wants.

America has at last become speech-conscious. We have become aware that in cultured circles all over the world "the American voice" is mentioned only as an example of what a voice should *not* be. In business it is not only the voice with the smile that wins, but the voice—and the accent—that gives evidence of refined and cultivated backgrounds of home, family and friends. Voice culturists tell us that, barring actual defects, we are born with naturally good voices. All we need to do is to unlearn our bad habits. We are told that we speak as we hear. Make a point of hearing the best. Unconsciously and almost effortlessly we will improve.

To get a job these days, one must *look* healthy. To keep a job one must *be* healthy. Keep fit. Short rest periods at frequent intervals are better than long rest periods at infrequent intervals. Exercise, fresh air, rest, sleep and proper food largely determine health and working capacity. If you want anything very much, go after it. Don't have a wishbone where your backbone ought to be.

IN selecting an office wardrobe the watchword should be conservative good taste. Hold fast to the tried and true. Choose the less conspicuous styles. Employers cling tenaciously to the conviction that the ideal costume for the business woman is navy blue or black with touches of white at the neck and wrists. Men hate masculine clothes for the business woman. Sleeveless dresses are not the thing for business. A single color scheme in

making up your wardrobe is recommended. The plainest shoes are the smartest. Very high heels are out. Rubber heels take the jar off the spine and off the nerves of the employer. The darker shades in stockings are best and these of the service or semi-service weights. A piece or two of conservative jewelry is allowed. It would be better not to wear earrings. Crimson fingernails are a final and outstanding mark of bad taste. No matter what you have on, wear it gallantly. Never, by your manner, suggest that you are ashamed of your clothes. As long as they are neat and clean, suitable and becoming, there is no reason why you should apologize for them. A few good clothes are better than a number of shoddy ones.

In securing her job the business girl must remember many things. A well rested person always makes a better impression than a tired one. A humble office job can, and often does, lead to positions in the field of office work itself that are interesting enough and well enough paid to make them desirable objectives. Office work in all its phases is exacting, nerve-racking, exhausting, and a great drain upon the nervous and physical resources. It involves long hours yet it has fascination. A grind it unquestionably is. But it is a lively grind.

WINTER GARDEN

Vesta P. Crawford

Here now the snow is soft and smooth,
A coverlet of broidered flakes;
There is no trace of leaf or bud,
No lily blooms, no rose awakes;

And who can say that spring will come
With wonder of its sweet delight,
With iris blade and hyacinth
And pear tree bough of trembling white;
Walk softly in the winter garden,
Touch not the twig above the snow,
But lift your face in solitude
And seek the faith these dry stocks know!

The Book God Gave

By Eva Willes Wangsgaard

ELEANOR sat on the front porch and leaned on a cushion propped against a post. The lights in the church across the street had just been turned on and their glow through the stained glass of the windows held Eleanor's eyes.

"The panes are like my thoughts," she told herself. "Some are bright, some are cloudy." She looked down at the church door. Soon the members would come filing in.

She began to visualize her friends as she had so often seen them entering that door. How she longed to be among them and feel their kindly greetings, to follow them in and partake of the spirit which they were about to enjoy! She knew the joy that can come of renewing the covenants in the fraternal presence of old friends. Still Eleanor sat alone on the porch and made no move toward obtaining her desires.

HER thoughts were interrupted by the swishing sound of a magazine hurled angrily across the living room to strike abruptly against the table. Then a chair fell with a thud to the floor. Heavy footsteps entered the kitchen beyond, and clumped across the linoleum. Suddenly, there was a crash of silver thrown into the sink followed by the faint tuning-fork sound. Eleanor wondered vaguely who had left a fork on the floor. The back door banged.

Poor Harry, she thought. He never could understand her strange quietness on Sunday nights. He did not belong to the Church. In fact, he was bitterly opposed. He wanted her all for himself. He fought her interest in the Gospel with all the fervor of jealousy he would have expended on a rival for her love. He wanted her to be gay and smiling, to tramp with him through the hills this little while he was free from the grind of the shop. He could not see why she could not escape with him from the humdrum of life in a stirring show downtown.

In everything else he came first, but on Sunday nights how could she forget the training of a lifetime and deny herself the joy of her church and its associations?

Eleanor heard the crunch of wheels on the gravel. She turned to see her husband as he backed the car from the garage. At the porch he stopped the car.

"Let's take a ride," he said.

Without a word Eleanor picked up the pillow on which she had been leaning and climbed into the car. She placed the pillow beneath her head and half reclined in the seat.

"Got a headache?" Harry asked.

"No," Eleanor tried desperately to command her thoughts. She wanted to say something cheerful, something that would make him understand that she saw his point. She wanted him to know that she appreciated what a fine man he was. She longed to tell him how glad she was that she had him. She knew his virtues and valued them. She loved him. How she loved him! In fact, there would have been no problem if she did not love him so.

But Eleanor was depressed. It's strange that an otherwise talkative person can be so dumb when a problem is so near her heart—strange that two people who love each other

should have such a hard time saying the right thing at the right time. Eleanor's mind was a mass of unsolved problems.

How could she talk to Harry about anything they passed or saw when her mind kept asking, "Is it right to stay away from church just because he disapproves? Ought I to go, or ought I to forget it entirely? My church is so much a part of me. Would he love me if I lost contact with it? Am I wrong to oppose him?"

The ride was a failure as far as entertainment was concerned. Eleanor was relieved when he turned back toward home.

INSIDE she sought refuge from her thoughts by picking up a book, her favorite collection of poems. To Harry that was the last straw. His frustration burst out in a torrent of words.

"Are you woman or saint?" he stormed. "Do you want a man or your gospel?"

"But this is just a book of poems, Harry," she tried to mollify him.

"Poems. Poems. Nobody with any sense ever wastes time on poems, or religion either. I tell you I'm sick of it. You either go away and leave me sitting alone, or stay home and insult me by hiding behind a book."

"But you don't need to be alone, Harry. You might come with me."

"Come with you and be bored to death listening to some old fossil speak of a dead past or to some unprepared kid spouting borrowed phrases? No, thanks."

He fell silent and waited. Eleanor tried to read, but his anger was a living presence between her and the printed page and her heart ached with unsolved problems. What to do! O, what to do!

He mistook her silence for absorption and felt hurt and lonely. He got up and began to pace the floor.

Eleanor turned a page, and for some reason *that* infuriated him. He turned suddenly and with a quick stroke knocked the book to the floor. Without a backward glance he entered the bedroom and slammed the door.

ELEANOR sat stunned for a moment. Once, long ago, she might have cried at this. Now she sat still and sought desperately for a way out of the abyss for both of them. Her problems began to resolve themselves into a prayer. "What shall I do, God? Show me the way."

She leaned forward and looked at the book. Suddenly like a streak of sunlight creeping over a canyon floor, a beautiful thought pressed itself forward. The book lay with its leaves spread open to the floor, but like a protecting hand the cover shielded them from injury. If one were to destroy the real book, which was the message encased in its pages, it would be necessary first to destroy the cover.

"My knowledge of the truth is like the book," was Eleanor's thought. "My faith is the cover. God gave me my book. So long as I keep its cover intact nothing can destroy the beauty of its pages. Nothing."

She stooped and reverently picked up the book. She turned it over. She started in surprise. It was as though the book were speaking, so plainly could she read the poem beneath her eyes. It was Kipling's "If."

"If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,"

Eleanor read. Would keeping your head mean holding your peace while

a person upbraided you and your church?

"If you can wait and not be tired
by waiting"—

Was not ten years long enough of waiting? And if one waited ten years and still had faith was that what the poet meant?

"Or being lied about, not deal in
lies"—

to hear your dearest treasure and its keepers belittled and, yes, lied about, she must still not retaliate nor feel hatred herself?

Straight to her heart went the final message:

"If you can make one heap of all
your winnings
And risk them on one turn of pitch
and toss . . . "

Eleanor read this several times, searching for the inner meaning. Could it mean that she must take all her love, both for the home and the Gospel, and risk it against her husband's anger? Once more she read the lines while her mind fondled the phrases. Would her problem be solved once and forever if she resolved to go to church every Sunday evening, come what may?

"I'll do it," she said aloud. "Hereafter my Sunday evenings are for church."

A PEACE so gentle and reassuring was hers that she knew a problem of deep concern had been met and the solution found.

She leaned back in the comfort of the large chair and closed her eyes. "Thank You," she breathed. "Thank You, God, for your great book and its protecting cover."

LINCOLN

By Christie Lund Coles

Upon the altar of the Common
Good
Lincoln stood,
A martyr in the cause of truth,
Giving his youth.

His strength, his very life,
Suffering strife
For the far hope the dreamers see—
Equality.

So each of those who dares to say:
"This is the way
To Universal brotherhood,"
Is misunderstood.

But oh, the endless chain of right
That day and night
Is being welded by these few
Who make dreams true.

Practical Praying

By Elsie C. Carroll

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed."

TO Latter-day Saints, perhaps more than to most people, praying is a very significant part of their creed. We believe in the formal prayer. We have been exhorted to attend to our prayers as individuals, night and morning, and instructed, as heads of families, to call our children together at the opening and the close of each day to engage in family prayers. We open and close our religious services with prayer, and, what seems strange to some people not of our faith, we pray at the beginning and end of all formal gatherings, such as educational meetings, entertainments, and dances.

We are a praying people, in this restricted sense of the term, but even more in its broader meaning. To most of us, prayer is more than kneeling down and going through the set form of thanking God for his past blessings and supplicating him for a continuation of his protection and guidance. True, this form of prayer has its place. Even though it may become stereotyped and little more than a form it has its benefits. Some people who go so far as to deny the existence of God believe there is good to be gained in addressing, as in prayer, some superhuman force which they do not attempt to define. One such man testifies that prayer gives him the proper attitude with which to face his work each day; it contributes to his success and happiness.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox in one of her poems says:

"I do not undertake to say
That literal answers come from heaven;
But I know this, that when I pray
A comfort, a support is given."

BUT upon that other phase of prayer, prayer in its larger sense, much might also be said and written.

There come times in the lives of many of us when it seems impossible to kneel down and address our Creator in words. Perhaps the very attempt would make us recoil, for the time, in bitterness because of disappointment and sorrow; because perhaps we have recently knelt and prayed for something, dearer than life itself, and our prayers seemed of no avail. At such times we cannot sense what perhaps we may later come to understand, or what we may never understand in this life—that there may have been some reason why our prayers could or should not be answered.

But just because we cannot kneel down and utter words is no reason why we cannot pray if we accept this broader meaning of the word.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast."

I feel that I am praying when I am thrilled with feelings of thanksgiving, or aspiration, or reverence as I look at a beautiful landscape, or a great work of art, or when I read a literary masterpiece or listen to great music. The prayer may be a desire to live more fully or nobly, or a desire to achieve; it may be a "motion of the fire" of a new thought or of a glimpse of some hitherto unrealized beauty.

I feel that I am praying when I express, even though not with the satisfaction of completeness in beauty, some emotion within myself. To write down those sincere desires, or "stirrings of hidden fires" is a form of prayer, or to respond to such expressions recorded by others.

Often, if I cannot express what I feel, I can find someone else who has said what I would say, and to read those prayers of others, gives uplift to my soul, the strength which I need, which is the purpose of prayer.

ONCE when I felt the need to pray, and could not do it in the formal way, I read each night and morning for a time this little prayer of William De Witt Hyde's and tried to think how it could help in my life.

"Give me clean hands
Clean words, clean thoughts.
Help me to stand for the hard right
Against the easy wrong.
Save me from habits that harm.
Teach me to work as hard
And play as fair in thy sight alone
As if the whole world saw.
Forgive me when I am unkind
And help me to forgive
Those who are unkind to me.
Keep me ready to help others
At some cost to myself.
Send me chances to do
A little good every day
So I may grow more like Christ."

I like this prayer because it is practical. It has seven distinct supplications—one for each day of the week. If I consciously try to make that prayer come true for me each week I cannot help being a better person.

"Give me clean hands
Clean words, clean thoughts."

Perhaps it is not difficult for us to keep our hands and our words clean. The conventions of society and the inhibitions of law help us to do that. But are we always as careful with our thoughts? Because they are concealed from others we may need to exercise greater strength to keep them clean.

I once heard the late Dr. George H. Brimhall relate a personal experience of a struggle in the matter of clean thinking. He said that once when he was a boy he camped out one night with a group of older men. During the evening as they sat around the fire one of the men told an obscene story. President Brimhall stated that for a long while after this, every time he would come in sight of that camp-ground, the evil story would come to his mind. He determined to blot it from his memory, but found it a difficult task. Finally, however, by a sheer act of will, he made himself think of the great deeds of some noble character whenever he was passing that place, and so substituted good for evil in his thinking.

"Help me to stand for the hard right
Against the easy wrong."

Too often we are tempted to do what the crowd does even though it may be against our principles or against the teachings of our church. We sometimes have a false idea of what it means to be a good sport. This is particularly a temptation facing the young people of today; the "easy wrong" is often made so much more attractive than the "hard right."

"Save me from habits that harm."

Too often we think of habits as only including physical and moral behavior. I may have harmful mental habits which keep me from my highest achievement. For instance, I may have the habit of wasting precious time in fruitless day-dream-

ing instead of utilizing it in working to make my dreams come true. I may have the habit of rationalizing, of refusing to face facts and to think through the problems which confront me. I may be guilty of mental compromises which destroy the most precious thing I can possess, my intellectual integrity.

"Teach me to work as hard and play as fair
In thy sight alone
As if the whole world saw."

It is so much easier to work hard if we know the boss, or some one who can reward or advance us, is watching, than to do our best just because we cannot be satisfied with anything less.

"Forgive me when I am unkind,
And help me to forgive
Those who are unkind to me."

To hold grudges is one of the most harmful things I can do to my own personality. It warps my vision; shrinks my soul. To forgive to the point of forgetting is not easy, but it is one of the great achievements in character building.

"Keep me ready to help others
At some cost to myself."

We find it easy to help those whom we think can help us. But suppose by helping others we must make some sacrifice in money, social prestige, pride? We do need help to be strong enough to do that! At one time I lived at the International House where students from all over the world lived as equals. I felt sure that I had little race prejudice, but when a girl arrived from West Africa, and I realized how much she needed a friend to help her make necessary adjustments, I had to keep repeating that part of this little prayer over when I sat with her at the table, walked down the street with her, and met friends who couldn't understand what I was trying to do.

"Send me chances to do a little good every day."

We don't need to pray for chances. They are here all about us, waiting to be seen and embraced. My chance today may be to help a homesick little girl from West Africa to feel that America is the land of democracy and opportunity she and her parents dreamed it to be. Yours may be to comfort a little child, or cheer an old person, or give confidence to a discouraged husband, or a word of encouragement to a weary neighbor. Our chance may be, in a time of general depression and doubt, merely to keep smiling and looking ahead hopefully and with courage—constantly alert for new ways to pray.

PRAYER

By Claire S. Boyer

Thy Light Divine
O let it shine
Through me.
That I may give
That I may live
Eternally!

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

FEBRUARY—Mark the "footprints on the sands of time." Not every one can be great, but all may be truthful and honest.

BERTHA TRUESSEL—Switzerland's most prominent social worker, who died recently, was for 22 years President of the Swiss-German Woman's Relief Society. She was also Head of the Training School for Domestic Teachers in Bern, and founder of the "Holiday Hostel for Mother and Child" at Waldstatt.

UNNI DIESEN is the first Norwegian woman to obtain the university degree of Master of Political Economy. She holds an important post in the Department of Agriculture.

CECILIA (CISSY) LOFTUS is pronounced by the critics the "Empress" in her field of mimicry as she runs the gamut of dramatic art and visualizes such stars as Ethel Barrymore, Sarah Bernhardt, Fanny Brice, Jeanne Engels, Harry Lauder and others.

PRINCESS CANTACUZENE, President of Rumanian Council of Women, has been made Grand Officer of the Order of the Crown by the King of Belgium for services toward the "Liege Memorial."

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER established the one-woman theatre on Broadway in December to an enthusiastic audience when she presented her own dramatization of "Edna, His Wife" and played not only Edna but all eight parts. Her only assistant was an orchestra playing off stage.

GOETA LJUNGBERG, dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera, has had a meteoric career. At 16 she entered the Academy of Singing in Stockholm. In two years she was singing the leading role in Tannhauser in the Royal Opera. Her fame spread from there to England, thence to Germany, and then America.

MARY MAUGHAN HOWELL, of Utah, a gracious and queenly woman died this winter. A daughter of pioneers, her life was rich with exceptional experiences.

MOLLY DALE, of Utah, is the author of an attractive novelette, "White Heather," story of a Scotch girl emigrant, charmingly told.

DEAN MICKEL BECK, of Utah, has had a poem accepted for the Crown Anthology of Verse for 1938, and Elizabeth McGinley, of Ogden, has issued a volume of light verse.

SARAH ANN KEDDINGTON, who died this winter, was a remarkable mother, with many gifts. At the Relief Society Conference in October she came with her eleven sons and daughters and sang two sacred songs.

DEANNA DURBIN made the grade to stardom of the *glamor ladies,* as she emerged from the age of child prodigies. She reminds one somewhat of Elizabeth Bergener.

AMY BROWN LYMAN, resident in London temporarily, shows her interest in "Happenings" by occasional items about women in foreign lands.

Slogan Contest

AT the Oct., 1937, Conference, Relief Society marked out a goal—a goal that is more than a dream; a goal that we all enthusiastically but seriously expect to attain—

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND ACTIVE RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS BY 1942

This important expansion program is being launched with the sincere hope that Relief Society shall better succeed in the fulfillment of its original responsibility—"to elevate and enlarge the scope of women's activities and conditions; to foster love of religion, education, culture and refinement"—in all, to build the *whole* soul.

Roger Babson has said, in effect, that science and industry have made such strides as to make the vital need of today a spiritual catching up to bring about a wholesome balance. He has said, "America will soon be swept by a great spiritual awakening. Nothing can stop it."

Relief Society can be a real strength, a vital power, in effecting such a balance in the life of every woman actively influenced by Relief Society. To increase our membership, to strengthen individual members, means ultimately to enlarge and strengthen the whole spiritual structure.

Looking back to March 17, 1842, the birth of the Relief Society organization, we see the Prophet Joseph Smith as an inspired architect who visualized a great and important structure. He firmly set the "Corner Stone." Faithful, intelligent women carried forward the work and laid a strong foundation. Through the years, with consistent labor, block after block of the "Superstructure" has been erected.

OUR ambition now is to complete within this period of one hundred years (1842-1942) a living monument, worthy of the Prophet's original conception. We propose by the addition of approximately 26,000 choice stones (active members) to round into shape this great monument which we shall name *"THE CENTENNIAL ARCH."* Its broad span shall encompass *friendly service* and *cultural growth,* and shall be capped with the "Keystone" of *spiritual joy.*

Already expressions from many stakes, indicating a readiness for action, brings the response, "ALL RIGHT—LET'S GO!" The initial work must be done at once and by *you.* It is to be launched as a slogan contest.

RULES OF THE "SLOGAN CONTEST"

1. The Slogan must be appropriate to the theme—"Building the Centennial Arch."
2. Only one entry may be sent in from each person. One entry may be sent from an organization (Stake or Ward).
3. Entries must be in the hands of the General Committee by March 1, 1938.
4. Slogans should be short and catchy.

A prize of ten dollars will be awarded to the winner.

Shall we make the dream come true?

Then—*"Be a Builder"!*

Notes to the Field

FROM many individual members, from Missions, Stakes and Ward organizations, beautiful and appropriate greetings came to the Presidency and General Board of Relief Society. These expressive messages brought more than the compliments of the season—they were a tangible evidence of the fact that we hold a place in the hearts of our co-workers. They were an assurance of the love and encouragement we hold for each other in this great Relief Society organization. Will each sister individually please accept acknowledgment and hearty thanks for the kind wishes expressed! It is the feeling of kindred ideals, and the spirit of whole-hearted cooperation from far and wide, which make Relief Society the great power which it is for good. May our Heavenly Father unite and guide us throughout this year!

Theology Department (Lesson 8)

READ deeply and ponder the revealed word of the Lord, relative to His Second Coming, especially the 39th chapter of *The Way to Perfection.* This is a comprehensive and inclusive statement on the subject. The book was used as a text for 1937 class work in ward Genealogical Societies, hence is available in every ward of the Church.

Those who whole-heartedly accept the revealed plan, as given through the Prophet Joseph Smith, and who have faith in the scriptures, and who observe the standards of the Church in their own lives, are looking forward confidently and unwaveringly to the Second Coming of our Lord and Savior. While they so live they will never be deceived by false teachers who come amongst them, nor by the false doctrines that they teach.

Work and Business Department

IT is possible to save from one-third to one-half, and even more at times, on the cost of boys' blouses and shirts, girls' dresses, house dresses and aprons, if they are made at home. The initial saving is not the only desirable feature of home-constructed over factory-made wearing apparel. What a little while it takes to collect a paper carton or storage drawer of neat rolls of left-overs, large pieces and scraps, from the garments one has made! Rents and holes frequently appear in children's clothes often when they are quite new. A scrap of material out of which the garment is made will provide a patch, which, if properly applied, will make the garment almost as good as new, and it may wear as long again. This is not always so with the ready-to-wear. Often the best one can do is to use a seam to sew up a slit or catch the edges of the tear or hole together, which draws the article out of shape and produces a strained condition resulting in another hole very soon. When the blouse, dress or apron is worn out, and there is no more need for pieces for mending, what gay, colorful pieced blocks for quilts may be made from them. Or perchance, a little daughter's heart may be made glad with a variety of pieces of cloth from which to fashion those first doll dresses her little heart desires to sew!

Social Service Department

SPECIAL attention is called to the excellent circular published by the Improvement and Beautification

Committee of the Church Security Program, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, January, 1938.

The Relief Society has a very definite place in Church beautification, and every Ward President should receive one of the programs, which from beginning to end, is full of interesting material, and is a source of enrichment for the lesson, "Spiritual Qualities in the Church Beautification Program."

Magazine Drive

WE are in receipt of letters expressing the disappointment of some of our wards in not being listed on the Honor Roll. In most instances this was because the reports reached our office too late for publication, or did not reach us at all. In a few cases, discrepancies in enrollment figures changed the percentage.

From the leaflet, "Instructions to Magazine Agents," under the section "Reports" we quote: "It is the obligation of the Stake Magazine Agent to send in a complete report of her stake and have it reach the general office by November 10, 1937." We most sincerely regret that some wards obtaining percentages entitling them to a place on the Honor Roll were not listed because reports were not received in time for publication.

We regard the work of Magazine Agents as a valuable service to the Relief Society organization and are anxious to recognize this service in every possible way. No further reports, however, will be printed until the close of the 1938 drive. We extend to our faithful Magazine Agents sincere thanks and good wishes for continued success in the work they are doing.

In publishing the reports of the following wards we have been advised that errors were made in the names of Agents:

Ward	*Stake*	*Magazine Agent*
Baker	Union	Mrs. Leo Shurtliff
Duchesne	Duchesne	Minnie Wheeler
Pocatello 5th	Pocatello	Jean Henderson

AN error was made in publishing the report of the Oakley Second Ward, Cassia Stake, as one of the ten wards obtaining the highest percentage of subscriptions. The error was due to no report being received in this office on the combining of the Oakley Fourth and Second Wards. The percentage was figured on the basis of the enrollment of the Oakley Second Ward only.

THE percentage secured by the Elko Ward, Nevada Stake, entitles this ward to a place among the ten wards obtaining the highest percentage on the Honor Roll. Sister Claris Cameron, the Magazine Agent, will receive the award of a bound volume. This ward secured a percentage of 200.

1937 INDEX

THE 1937 index is now ready. Those desiring their magazines bound through this office may have cloth binding, including index, for $1.50 and leather binding, including index, for $2.00. The price of the index is, single copy, mailed 10c; 3 copies, mailed 25c; when bought at office the copies are 5c each.

Notes from the Field

By Julia A. F. Lund—General Secretary

Nevada Stake

CONGRATULATIONS go to the Nevada Stake for the enthusiasm and efficiency with which the Magazine Subscription Campaign and all phases of Relief Society work are carried on through all their wards. Attention is called to the fine cook-book of Tested Recipes, recently issued. "We live not upon what we eat, but what we digest," is the inrtoductory statement. Abbreviations and Table of Weights and Measures appear on the opening page. This is followed by Household Hints, which are most practical and helpful. Recipes, from bread to candy which have been tested and found to be economical, healthful and delicious, are included. Well balanced meals may be assembled from the wide range of foods suggested. There is information not only about what is good to eat, but how to prepare it. The little book is most attractively bound and printed upon stiff, heavy sheets, which lie open conveniently at any point. It is a most useful book and a commentable achievement.

Oahu Stake

IT gives us great pleasure to print the following report of our Hawaiian Stake, Oahu. The information is supplied by Sister LaPriel G. Hyer:

"I am enclosing a picture of the Oahu Stake Relief Society taken at Kalihi, March 17, 1937, immediately after the dramatization of the 'Original Organization of the Relief Society at Nauvoo.' I was asked by President Eliza Salm and Sister Cummings to present the play with a cast of hoale (or white sisters) for the benefit of the native sisters. The ladies were dignified replicas of the eighteen charter members.

"The Oahu Stake has some of the

OAHU STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY

most wonderful women it has been my pleasure to meet. Its Relief Society President, Sister Salm, with her gifted board members, directs the work in an intelligent and inspiring way. The teachers' work is handled by sisters who can present the message either in English or Hawaiian, and where they find no one at home, they leave a written message. The Relief Society sisters are contributing dainty hand-made pieces of lahala to raise funds for the new L. D. S. chapel to be built in Honolulu.

North Davis Stake

VERY fine reports continue to come to the office about the extensive work of women in Church Security. The pictures give some idea of the work done in food conservation, and the preparation of articles of clothing, as well as of quilts made and blankets assembled in the North Davis Stake. It was quite impossible to display, even to list, all the articles prepared by the Relief Society and Y. W. M. I. A., who cooperated in this fine work.

Ensign Stake

ONE of the beautiful characters we have the opportunity of occasionally meeting is Sister Lulu Greene Richards, the first Editor of the *Woman's Exponent.* She is still interested and active in Relief Society work, and we are indebted to her for the following account of a delightful meeting in the Twentieth Ward:

"On the evening of Thursday, December 2, 1937, in the Twentieth Ward Chapel, Salt Lake City, a remarkably fine 'Artist's Program,' under the auspices of the Relief Society, was given. The entire program was educational and inspirational to an unusual degree, showing high talent in our home composers, musicians, singers and readers. Each number seemed especially adapted to its appointed place on the program.

"If any portion might be considered the 'real gem' of the occasion, it would doubtless be the anthem

CLOTHING AND BEDDING, NORTH DAVIS STAKE

FOOD CONSERVATION, NORTH DAVIS STAKE

entitled 'Ruth,' the sacred words of which are from the Bible, and the soul-stirring music the composition of our own talented Luacine Clark Fox. This anthem was sung by another of our home girls, one of our sweet singers, Elizabeth S. Cushing. Anyone who feels interested in the anthem and has no opportunity of hearing it sung, may find satisfaction, to some extent, by reading the short book of 'Ruth' in the Old Testament.

"An excellent part of the splendid program described above is that it was a free-will offering to aid the Relief Society in its ever-increasing efforts to strengthen and assist in carrying on the noble work of the Church Security Plan."

Idaho Stake

THE fine work accomplished in the stake was a result of careful planning. Early in the spring the Stake Board made plans for a Stake Bazaar, Art Exhibit and Flower Show. Word was sent to each ward in time for the spring planting of flowers. The bazaar was held in late August. The Stake Committee on Flowers used mirrors, rocks and shrubs to make a rock garden as a background for the flowers. The response from the wards was most gratifying, and a gorgeous array created.

Each ward sent art work to the Stake Committee, where it was judged and classified for exhibition. This covered one entire side of the large hall. Each ward had a booth of its own, from which the articles were sold and the proceeds returned to the ward societies. The stake reserved the sale of cooked foods for its own booth. The wards donated liberally to this, and a very tidy sum was realized.

The Ward Conferences during the year have been very interesting, and among the outstanding numbers was a talk by a member of the Priesthood on "The Value of a Relief Society Mother in the Community." Another project, in which all united, was the binding of the *Relief Society Magazine*. This was a most popular activity, and one in which all the wards participated.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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VOL. XXV FEBRUARY, 1938 No. 2

Editorials

New Editor

THERE appeared in the June, 1935, issue of the *Relief Society Magazine,* a sketch of a new General Board member. This article gave a brief review of the life of a worthy young woman, and enumerated the various qualifications which fitted her so ably for the important position to which she was called.

The fine prognosis of a little more than two years ago, has been more than realized. Unusual native ability, developed through thorough preparation, rare scholarship and unfailing faith in the Gospel, a willingness to serve, and a sympathetic understanding of the scope of Relief Society, make of Belle Smith Spafford a most valuable addition to the General Board, and especially qualify her for her new duties as Editor of the *Relief Society Magazine.*

We have been most fortunate in the splendid service rendered by our Editors in the past. They have all been women of outstanding ability, to whom we acknowledge a lasting debt of gratitude.

Our new Editor assumes her duties well equipped to carry this responsible work forward in its mission of enlightenment to the women of the Church. May they continue to give to her the same fine cooperation which was never wanting in the past.

GENERAL PRESIDENCY
OF RELIEF SOCIETY.

Leadership Week

THE seventeenth annual Leadership Week held January 24 to 28 inclusive once more drew to the Brigham Young University scores of Church leaders. More than 200 lectures, demonstrations, and entertainments were presented, free of charge, to all who would avail themselves of this important instruction. The Leadership Week is an adult education project designed to increase the effectiveness of Latter-

day Saint leaders by giving them opportunity to obtain the best in learning as well as to enjoy the spiritual influence of outstanding men and women.

Wise and intelligent leaders are essential in the Church. It is not sufficient to give time only in the particular field in which service is being rendered, but all possible education and training must be included. Education is a part of the religion of the Latter-day Saints. President Brigham Young has said, "The Father does not add to that which we do not improve upon, but we are continually required to improve upon the knowledge we already possess, and thus obtain a store of wisdom." This is the method by which we are able to make the richest contributions to the Church.

The theme of Leadership Week, "The Security of Zion," is the goal for which all Latter-day Saints are striving. Social, economic and spiritual security are essential to the well-being of man.

The Relief Society has been entrusted by the Prophet Joseph Smith with definite responsibilities in the security of Zion. It is for us to foster love of religion, love of education, culture and refinement, to strengthen community virtues and to manifest benevolence. These trusts were ably discussed and guidance given during the week by General Board members as well as by guest speakers.

The University was most gracious in programming special lectures to assist us in the Theology and Work and Business Departments.

The Relief Society appreciates the opportunity afforded by the Brigham Young University to participate in this important program as well as the opportunity provided us to receive leadership training through the widely varied lectures and activities.

Book Notice

BROTHERHOOD

True Charity will never scorn
A weaker soul to trials born;
Oft spotless records have been made
Because temptation never laid
Its fingerprints on every page
From helpless youth to hopeless age.
Christ taught mankind to seek the good
That's found in human brotherhood,
Wherein abideth Faith, or Trust,
And Hope which lifts us from the dust,
Love's Tolerance with Charity—
The noblest virtue of the three.

THE above verse is taken from the poem "Brotherhood and the Graces" published in a book of delightful verse entitled *Forced Landings* by Noble Warrum, Sr., editorial writer on the Salt Lake Tribune. The collection is dedicated to his wife, Josephine Grissom Warrum. Many of the verses exude a keen sense of humor, a subtle wit. They show Mr. Warrum to be a man of experience with a profound understanding of human nature. The themes vary, the author drawing often upon the Bible. We commend the book to you for delightful and profitable reading.

Forced Landings may be obtained from all book stores. Price $2.00 per copy.

Message From Lady Aberdeen

FROM the December issue of *Bulletin*, the monthly publication of the International Council of Women, comes the following message from Lady Ishbel Aberdeen. Lady Aberdeen is a former President of the "Council" and now in her eighties.

I HAVE heard of such a delightful story of a scheme which is being carried out to celebrate peace and good will between nations, that I must pass it on to you as a Christmas message which will come to cheer you in these dark days of wars and rumors of war which are disturbing the whole world.

"More than one hundred years ago, the United States of America and Canada shook hands across their borders and agreed to be good friends.

"Since that time there has ever been peace between the two countries.

"Not a warship has sailed the great lakes which form part of that frontier. Not a fort has been built along the three thousand miles of border land.

"The treaty between the two countries said that there were to be no warships on the great lakes, and that the land boundary was to have no fortress, nor soldiers, nor guns.

"And then came the beautiful idea of forming an International Peace Garden to illustrate the good will of the peoples on both sides of the boundaries for each other.

"The governments of the two countries took up the idea and gave grants towards the cost of forming the Peace Garden, and the provinces of North Dakota and Manitoba, situated on either side of the middle of the continent, agreed to each dedicate some land for the lovely purpose, and set apart some 2,200 acres in the Turtle Mountains.

"When the Garden is finished, it will be a great Park. Roads and paths are being constructed. Two lakes, one on each side of the border, have been created. Central buildings and a great amphitheatre which will seat several thousands of persons are being erected, and now the whole district is known as 'The Garden of the Good Neighbour.' . . .

"At first only the two countries concerned engaged in the work of creating this Garden, but other countries heard of the scheme, and are now beginning to send gifts to it. . . .

"There is a Cairn in the Garden formed of glacial boulders which bears this inscription:

" 'To God in His Glory we two nations dedicate this Garden and pledge ourselves that as long as men shall live we will not take up arms against each other.'

"I trust that before many years are past you, dear friends of many lands, may be called upon to send gifts to many such Peace Gardens on frontiers now guarded by fortresses.

"Let us each and all do all in our power to hasten the realization of this great ideal for the World's Peace and Happiness, for which our beloved Council has been working for so many years."

IT was the privilege of President Louise Y. Robison to attend the conference of the International Council of Women held in Paris in 1934, and to work on the Equal Moral Standards Committee. At that time President Robison enjoyed intimate contact with Lady Aberdeen and endorses, most sincerely, her plea and that of the Council, for women to do all in their power to hasten the realization of the great ideal of World Peace.

Music Department

WE are happy to acknowledge the receipt of many interesting letters from Stake Choristers and others regarding participation in the musical program of the Relief Society General Conference, to be held April 1st and 2nd, 1938.

We also appreciate the inquiries that have been sent in asking for help in phrasing, tempos, etc. Because of the importance of these inquiries, it has been deemed advisable to publish some of the questions asked—also the replies—in order that all may have the same understanding of such details.

Some of the questions asked are as follows:

Ques. In the song, "Crossing The Bar," would it be permissible to breathe after the word "asleep"?

Ans. Yes, because the point of punctuation follows the word "asleep."

Ques. In the song, "How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings," how may the long phrases be taken care of?

Ans. Individual breathing may be used successfully for this number.

Ques. Please give Tempo for "How Lovely are the Messengers."

Ans. Andante con moto (eighth note=132) (slow, but with a little motion).

Ques. What are the requirements for joining the Singing Mothers' Chorus?

Ans. Memorization of the following selections (as published in the November issue of the *Relief Society Magazine*) according to tempo, intonation, phrasing, enunciation and pronunciation:

"How Lovely Are the Messengers" ..... Mendelssohn
Andante con moto (eighth note =132 (slow, but with a little motion)

"Crossing the Bar"....Barnby-Asper
Andante (a slow movement; quiet, peaceful tempo)

"The 23rd Psalm" .....Schubert
Adagio non troppo (slowly—not too much)

"Holy Redeemer" .....Marchetti
Andante (slow—in a smooth, dignified, singing style)

"The Lord's Prayer"..Forsyth-Dews
Largamente (broadly, slowly, with dignity)

"How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings, O Lord" .....Rheinberger
Moderato (quarter note=80) (In moderate tempo)

"Inflammatus" Chorus only..Rossini
Andante maestoso (quarter note =66) (slow, majestic, with dignity)

Phrases—Technically, an incomplete musical sentence.

Phrasing—Is the art of dividing a melody into groups of connected sounds so as to bring out its greatest musical effect. With phrases, long or short, the breath must be taken and controlled. With a long phrase, the individual singers, by taking short natural breaths, may be supplied with fresh air and the tone kept singing so as to make the chord or phrase hold over to its logical end. But, as no two singers will take a breath in precisely the same place, breathing must also occur at natural places of punctuation to conform with the chorus phrasing.

Inquiries have been received concerning blouses and skirts. May we again call your attention to the article in the November magazine. On page 704 of that issue you will find detailed instructions covering meas-

urements of blouse, materials to be used, etc. If further information is desired please do not hesitate to ask for it. We welcome these inquiries.

The uniform dress of the Singing Mothers consists of a white blouse and a tailored skirt of very dark material—black preferred. Skirt to be of average length—not too short.

If unable to purchase gold buttons (such as those recommended for the blouse) in your own community, arrangements have been made with the F. W. Woolworth Company, 223 South Main Street, Salt Lake City, to take care of any order you send to them.

Inasmuch as April 1st and 2nd have been designated as the days for holding the Relief Society Conference, it is desired that all groups of Singing Mothers assemble for the first rehearsal at 9:30 a. m., March 31, 1938, in the Assembly Hall. At that time Mrs. Charlotte O. Sackett will give further instructions as to the time of holding part rehearsals. These will be held in the Tabernacle. Two days of intensive drilling will be necessary. We are looking forward to seeing you at that time.

If there are any stakes that have not notified the office of their intention to join this Chorus, please write immediately as it will help materially in completing arrangements in Salt Lake.

Please refer to magazine each month as definite information will be given pertaining to *tone, intonation, and memorization.*

THE CURRENT OF LIFE

By Celia A. Van Cott

Rippling and flashing the silvery brook
Rambles along in the sun
Through clover bloom to the deepening stream
Where the turbulent waters run.

The river rolls to the surging sea
Where the heaving breakers roar
And crash in frothing flakes of foam
On the sands of the rugged shore.

Swiftly swirling the ebbing tide
Carries us far out to sea
To a haven of rest on the ocean's breast
The peace of eternity.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

Lesson 8

The Second Advent of the Messiah

Helpful References

In the *Bible*:
Psalms 50:3-5; Isaiah 35:4; 40:10; Joel 2:28-32; 3:15-17; Zechariah 4:3-5; Malachi 3:1-3; Matthew 16:27; 24:3-6, 14, 29-30, 36-40; 25:31-32; Luke 21:10-17; Acts 1:9-11; 3:19-21; 1 Thessalonians 4:14-17; 2 Thessalonians 1:7-10; 2:1-5.

In the *Book of Mormon*:
3 Nephi 26:3; 28:7; 29:2.

In the *Doctrine and Covenants*:
29:9-21; 33:17-18; 34:6-9; 35:15-18; 45:37-57; 64:23-24; 65:3-5; 88:87-99; 101:23-35; 110:14-16; 128:24; 130:1, 14-17; 133.

In the *Pearl of Great Price*:
Moses 7:59-67. See also An Extract from a Translation of the Bible.

Smith, *The Way To Perfection*, chapter 39.

Talmage, *Jesus the Christ*, chapter 42.

1. *The Church Proclaims the Doctrine of the Second Advent.*—A lesson on the teachings of the Christ respecting His Second Advent is timely. A cursory examination of the history of our Church makes plain the fact that the Prophet Joseph Smith expressly taught the doctrine of the Second Coming. Clearly he meant that Christ was to come in the relatively near future. He testifies plainly that heavenly messengers had so informed him. The revelations of the Lord to the Church seem to indicate that we cannot work too hard in making preparations for, and in warning the world of, the Christ's coming in glory.

2. *Modern Disbelief in the Doctrine of the Second Advent.*—Latter-day Saints do well to notice the unfortunate but growing tendency among men to disbelieve in the Second Coming of the Christ. It is part of our work to make careful observation of conditions in the world and to adjust our preaching to meet them.

Dr. Klausner, the great Jewish scholar, speaks of the Second Coming of the Savior as follows: "According to this idea, the Messiah must suffer and die, but he would in the end rise again and, this second time, appear in glory and establish the kingdom of heaven. To make this idea appear true the disciples stole the body of Jesus and hid it; after fifty days—by which time the body must have become unrecognizable even if found, they spread the rumor that he was risen from the dead and that he had shown himself alive to them. Thenceforward they awaited his Second Coming (Parousia), when he should establish his kingdom, the everlasting kingdom of heaven. And this Coming, rather than the ethical teaching of Jesus, became the fundamental hope and basis of early Christianity. All at first believed in his speedy coming; but when there seemed no prospect of an early coming they allocated it to a later age, to the close of a thousand years (the Millennium)." Those who disbelieve in the Lord's Coming point out that such doctrine

is nothing but a carry over from the beliefs of an earlier age when it failed of accomplishment and was accordingly put off for fulfillment at a much later time. To believe in it now, in the light of historical research, they say, is to exercise credulity rather than faith.

We believe that scholars and intelligent laymen alike, in many instances, have been misled in their belief. Their sincerity we do not question. Not having a sufficient understanding of the principles of the Gospel, they have jumped at erroneous conclusions.

3. *The Ancient Prophets Understood the Doctrine of the Second Advent.*—The Church teaches that the Gospel was in the world from the beginning, and that the coming of the Christ in the flesh was foreseen; His death and resurrection were predicted long before His advent in the flesh. Likewise, prophets and seers foresaw that His Second Advent in glory would take place long after His death and resurrection. Thus, Enoch, who lived centuries before the Christ's earthly advent saw in vision His Second Coming, as related in the Pearl of Great Price. "And it came to pass that Enoch saw the day of the coming of the Son of Man, in the last days, to dwell on the earth in righteousness for the space of a thousand years." (Moses 7:65; read carefully Moses 7:59-67). The Old Testament prophets understood the true teaching respecting the coming of the Messiah in glory. Joel the Prophet expressly refers to it in Chapter 2:28-32. The Prophet Joseph Smith relates that Moroni made reference to this prophecy when he appeared to him September 21, 1823. "He also quoted the second chapter of Joel, from the twenty-eighth verse to the last. He also said that this was not yet fulfilled, but was soon to be." (Paragraph 41, Extracts From The History of Joseph Smith, the Prophet, Pearl of Great Price). Since Joel speaks of "the terrible day of the Lord," he can scarcely have had reference to anything but the Second Coming. Malachi certainly had reference to it in his prophecy. (See Malachi 3:1-3 and compare Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 128:24). Numerous other Old Testament references can be cited. (See references at beginning).

4. *The Jews of Christ's Time Misunderstood Prophetic References to the Second Advent.*—Unfortunately, the people of the Jewish nation at Christ's time had generally misunderstood the teachings of the prophets in reference to the Second Coming. Doubtless this was due to the fact that the nation had been taught too long by an uninspired or apostate priesthood. At any rate the Jews were awaiting a Messiah who was to come in power and rescue them from their enemies. Little did they suspect that many of the teachings they read in the prophetic books had reference to what we know as the Second Coming. The fact that the Christ was first to come into the world as a humble child had been practically forgotten.

5. *The Savior Taught His Apostles the True Doctrine of His Second Coming.*—It became necessary for the Savior to carefully explain to His apostles the true doctrine respecting His Second Advent. Shortly before He took Peter, James and John on the Mount of Transfiguration He said, "For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works. Verily I say unto you, There shall be some standing here, which shall not taste of death, till they see

the Son of man coming in his Kingdom." Matthew 16:27-28). That John explicitly understood this teaching is made clear, by the Prophet Joseph Smith, in a remarkable revelation that consists of a translated version of the record made on parchment by John and hidden up by himself. "And the Lord said unto me: John, my beloved, what desirest thou? For if you shall ask what you will, it shall be granted unto you. And I said unto him: Lord, give unto me power over death, that I may live and bring souls unto thee. And the Lord said unto me: Verily, verily, I say unto thee, because thou desirest this thou shalt tarry until I come in my glory, and shalt prophesy before nations, kindreds, tongues and people. And for this cause the Lord said unto Peter: If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" (Doctrine and Covenants 7: 1-4; compare John 21:20-23). There can scarcely be any mistake that the apostles in the Primitive Church became clearly acquainted with the true doctrine of Christ's Second Coming. If there is any doubt on this point, the Prophet Joseph Smith banished it when he revised by the spirit of revelation the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew, commencing with the last verse of the Twenty-third chapter, King James' Version. Part of this scripture refers to the coming destruction of the temple and the troubles of the Jews; those parts dealing with the Second Coming are easily picked out. "Then understood his disciples that he should come again on the earth, after that he was glorified and crowned on the right hand of God. . . . But of that day, and hour, no one knoweth; no, not the angels of God in heaven, but my Father only. But as it was in the days of Noah, so it shall be also at the coming of the Son of Man; for it shall be with them, as it was in the days which were before the flood; for until the day that Noah entered into the ark they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage; and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be." (Pearl of Great Price, An Extract from a Translation of the Bible, 1:40-43; see also Matthew 24:3-6, 14, 29-30).

6. *Some Members of the Primitive Church Clung to Belief in the Quick Return of Christ.*—However, in spite of the clear understanding of the doctrine on the part of the apostles, many lay members of the Primitive Church still retained the mistaken impression that the Christ was soon to come again. This is borne out by the fact that the Apostle Paul had to write a letter to the Thessalonians expressly correcting their notions respecting the quick return of the Christ. (2 Thessalonians 2:1-3) In spite of Paul's clear instruction when he was with them, they misunderstood. (2 Thessalonians 2:5) It is likely that at the present time many people misunderstand the doctrine, either because of partially corrupted texts of the Bible, or because some of the New Testament writers, who clearly understood the teaching themselves, have not made themselves sufficiently clear in writing about it.

In this dispensation the Lord has left no doubt in the minds of those who have His Spirit, that His coming is nigh, even at the door.

Questions

1. How do you account for the great indifference of the world today to many sublime truths of the gospel?

2. Can you see wisdom in the

Lord's refusal to make known the exact time of His Second Advent?

3. How would you answer those who say a correct understanding of the doctrine of the Second Advent can make no difference in our lives one way or another?

Problems

Treat only those that time and circumstances will permit.

1. Carefully study the Book of Mormon teaching respecting the Second Coming and summarize your findings.

2. Summarize the distinctive contributions of the Doctrine and Covenants to our knowledge of the Second Advent. Which of these are especially hard for the world to receive?

3. Find some contributions of interest made by the Pearl of Great Price to the subject of our lesson.

4. Bring to the class some interesting authoritative statements made by various leaders of the Church that deal with the doctrine of the Second Advent.

Teacher's Topic

LESSON 8

THE POISE OF JESUS

"I am the way, the truth, and the life."—John 14:6.

"Every virtue, when pushed beyond its appointed limit, becomes a vice, and every grace, when overdeveloped, becomes a defect and disfiguration."—*Jefferson* (C. E.).

POISE is the fine balance of one's faculties, which keeps a virtue within its appointed limits.

In the character of Jesus we find perfect balance. He possessed all the virtues, yet none were overgrown. One writer says: "He was enthusiastic, blazing with enthusiasm, but he never became fanatical. He was emotional; men could feel the throbbing of his heart; but he never became hysterical. He was imaginative, full of poetry and music, throwing upon everything he touched a light that never was on land or sea, the inspiration and the poet's dream—but he was never flighty. He was practical, hard-headed, matter-of-fact, but he was never prosaic, never dull. His life always had in it the glamour of romance. He was courageous, but never reckless; prudent, but never a coward; unique but not eccentric; sympathetic but never sentimental. Great streams of sympathy flowed from his tender heart toward those who needed sympathy, but at the same time streams of lava flowed from the same heart to scorch and overwhelm the workers of iniquity. He was pious, but there is not a trace about him of sanctimoniousness. . . . He was religious, the most profoundly religious man that ever turned his face toward God, but never once did he slip into superstition."—C. E. Jefferson.

Because he was so well rounded, so well balanced, he showed in his conduct unrivaled poise. The intellectuals of his time tried to catch him, or trip him, but his answers were so wise they were vanquished. Satan tempted him to use his power for his own glory, but Jesus never

did. His enemies heaped upon him all manner of abuse, but he never said anything unmanly in return. He stood in the midst of the strife and storms, which bent or swayed other men, but he remained unmoved and unmovable. Because he possessed all the higher qualities of character in such balance, he has appealed to all types of men down through the centuries. The intellectuals go to him for philosophy, for guidance; the painter, the poet, the musician, for inspiration; men who aspire to raise humanity to higher levels go to him humbly because he points the way; those in the midst of strife, those in trouble and sorrow find in him comfort and solace.

He is to men today what he was to men of all centuries since he lived upon the earth, the one perfect character. Only now there is perhaps a greater appreciation of Him and His teachings. He is our pattern and while we can never approach him in perfection of character we can obtain a fuller and more abundant life by following as closely as possible his example.

Discussion

In what way can poise be developed?

Have you known of anyone who changed in character through conversion to the teachings of Jesus?

Give incidents from the New Testament illustrating the poise of Jesus.

References

New Testament.

The Character of Jesus, by Charles Edward Jefferson.

Literature

LESSON 8

THE ROMANCE OF AN OLD PLAYHOUSE

SIXTY years after the dedication of the Salt Lake Theatre, Henry Miller, in a curtain speech on the stage of the Old Playhouse, referred to it as 'A Cathedral in the Desert.' And surely it has been as a cathedral to the people. Its doors have always been open to all parties and creeds. In the tense religious and political strife which cursed the community, more particularly in the early days, the Theatre was the one common ground upon which the questions of the hour were thrashed out. Though the place has always been controlled by the "Mormon" people, yet its use was never denied to those of different beliefs even though they were violent in their antagonisms. And so it was generally loved by all classes. This neutrality won their respect. The Theatre took on the aspect of a community home and has been so regarded ever since."

The author continues: "Upon its completion the fame of the Theatre spread far and wide. Its comfortable, dignified auditorium, its appointments, stage equipment, decorative art, and marvelous acoustics—all these characteristics marked it as a playhouse of class and distinction. And it was worthy of all that was said of it, for in few cities, even the largest, could be found a playhouse so perfectly furnished. An excavator in Italy recently dug up a plan of what was considered the perfect theatre acoustically; but really to find the most perfect acoustics, they

needn't have gone so far, for this feature could have been found in the theatre built by Brigham Young in the Rocky Mountains in 1862."

Those who have had the supreme pleasure of seeing and hearing plays in the Old Playhouse will always remember its beauty as well as its acoustical properties. The writer of these lessons was young when he first began going to plays in the Salt Lake Theatre and though he was usually in the top tier of the topmost "heaven," he still remembers that he could hear and see.

He also remembers going with George D. Pyper under the Old Playhouse to get a glimpse of how it was constructed. Its sturdy foundations and its stout posts of native pine logs impressed him greatly.

That the theatre was not merely a cradle for the drama, but for all of the arts is indicated by Mr. Pyper in his chapter which he calls "Echoes From the Orchestra Pit." In those days, plays invariably had their music between acts and before the play started if not in the piece itself.

Here again the mission fields contributed the geniuses who were needed to make the arts flourish in the desert. The first of these talented men was Professor Charles J. Thomas, who assembled an orchestra of twenty pieces at the opening of the Old Playhouse. From that time on, almost without a break, a fine orchestra could be heard whenever a play was presented.

Professor Thomas was converted in 1851. Falling ill, his life was despaired of, when through the administrations of the elders he was healed. This had a profound effect upon him and his entire family. As a direct result all joined the Church and Professor Thomas came to Utah where a great work awaited him.

Not only did Professor Thomas lead the orchestra, he composed and arranged much of the music which was played. That his efforts were appreciated is indicated by the fact that the old bills frequently featured the music. For instance, "for 'The Charcoal Burner,' produced Saturday, January 10, 1863, the play bill announces 'Beautiful new and appropriate music, composed and arranged expressly for this drama by Prof. C. J. Thomas.'"

Professor Thomas was succeeded as orchestra leader by George Edward Percy Careless, also an English convert. Professor Careless is one of the great geniuses to be gathered by the Gospel net. He could have made much more money and lasting fame elsewhere, but he chose to remain with the people of his choice. Many of our best hymns were written by this man.

Mr. Pyper relates many anecdotes of this gifted musician whose heart was in his work.

Other men who led the orchestra are: E. Beesley, Willard Weihe, Arthur Shepherd, Fred Midgley, Squire Coop, and Arthur Freber.

The first Utahn ever to write an overture was William C. Clive, a well known musician and first violinist of the orchestra. His number, "The Golden Crest," was played first in the Salt Lake Theatre.

Mention has already been made of the painting. The Theatre, itself, was a challenge to the artist. It was beautifully finished in harmonious colors that made an evening in its spacious auditorium an event worthy of being held as a sacred memory. Its great front curtain and its drops were also inspirational to those who had the privilege of seeing a play on its stage. Naturally, it was a constant incentive to the dancer and the musician, vocal or instrumental, who looked upon an ap-

pearance in the Theatre as being an important step on the way toward recognition.

One of the most popular of the early-day actresses to come to the theatre was Julia Dean Hayne. Her opening performance as a member of the Potter Company occurred August 11, 1865, when she appeared in "Camille." She proved tremendously popular and remained at the Theatre for more than a year, dying soon after leaving Salt Lake City. The author has included in his book, mention of a huge sled which President Young caused to be built and named the Julia Dean.

President Young's great interest in the drama and the Old Playhouse is presented no more forcibly anywhere than in the chapter where attention is called to the fact that he actually called at least a few young people on missions to act, though such calls were rarely necessary because all who had the least ability were eager, beyond measure, to play behind the footlights of the West's great Playhouse.

Miss Nellie Colebrook was one of the first called to act in the Old Playhouse. The letter of call follows:

"Dear Brother and Sister Colebrook:

"Would you allow your daughter Nellie to act upon the stage? It would very much please me.

Your Brother,
Brigham Young."

The author follows with this statement:

"A published biographical sketch of Miss Colebrook's life describes her as a very diffident girl, but very queenly, and adds: 'How had he, the President of the Church, divined all the secret aspirations and ambitions of that reserved and shy soul! Who had heard from the sensitive lips one word of all that had burned in her heart!' To Nellie those questions always remained unanswered!"

Sara Alexander was another girl who was called upon a "Mission" to act.

"President Young asked her one day:

"'Sara, why don't you join the company?'

"'I don't want to,' she replied.

"'But I want you to!' said the President. And Sara complied and made an instantaneous hit."

Both of these girls became unusually popular as actresses.

Companies came and went. The Old Playhouse continued to be first in the hearts of the Saints who packed it whenever something good was presented. Many of the leading actors and actresses remained at the Theatre for weeks, playing different plays until they were well known and many of them were deeply loved.

President Young preferred comedies. He said: "If I had my way I would never have a tragedy played on these boards. There is enough tragedy in everyday life, and we ought to have amusement when we come here." However, he was not very dictatorial in these matters.

As early as 1869 the first operas were presented in the Old Playhouse, the first company being the Howson Opera Company. Their season was from June 1 to June 19. Among the operas they presented were "Il Trovatore" and the "Grand Duchess." During that year, 1869, the Old Playhouse was open 283 nights, an indication that the dramatic presentations brought to Salt Lake City were popular with the people.

The coming of Maude Adams to the Old Playhouse is considered by the author a high spot in its history. He says: "As bluebirds in the spring suddenly arrive in our gardens as harbingers of happiness and good luck, Maude Adams, when only a

birdling, fluttered into the theatre in the spring of its existence and became a part of its romance, bringing new faith and confidence in the wholesomeness and worthwhileness of the stage."

Mr. Pyper, as all others who knew her, adored Maude Adams and looked upon her as being among the greatest of the great.

In a pleasing reminiscent mood, the author wrote his chapters 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, and 23 as he traced the intimate history of the building, that he loved, and the artistic expression for which it stood. Those chapters are rich in intimate glimpses of theatre life.

Suggestions for Study

1. It would be well to assign the chapter—"The Advent of Maude Adams—Her Mother's Story"—to some capable person and have her give it rather in full.

2. The anecdotes concerning Brigham Young in chapter 23 could also be given rather fully.

3. Careless' and Thomas' songs could be sung to correlate with this lesson. These may be found in the "Songs of Zion" or the "Deseret Sunday School Song Book."

4. Enumerate ways in which the Old Playhouse encouraged the arts.

5. Give evidences that President Young was strongly in favor of dramatic productions.

6. Where the plays are available, excerpts from some of these first plays could be presented in class.

Social Service

Lesson 8

Spiritual Qualities in the Church Beautification Program

IN THE Church Beautification Program there is one phase that supersedes all tangible evidence of what is grand in architecture, of what nears perfection in the art of sculpture and in painting, or of any surroundings that may be brought into a state of loveliness to enhance a building—it is the condition of spiritual beauty through which our church was organized.

There is one note which should be sounded in order to sustain that kind of beauty in the hearts of those who are fortunate enough to live in an age when the beautification program can be launched—the humility of remembrance.

Time has done much for the Latter-day Saints; it has given the strength and the power to project this program. But time must not be allowed to diminish the grandeur of the spirit which outshone the poignantly humble beginnings of the "Mormons" in a material way.

To call this fact to the attention of the reader is the purpose of this lesson.

THE Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints came to life through beauty. The implicit faith of the lad, Joseph Smith, prompted him to seek guidance through prayer. On the morning of a clear day in spring, for the first time in his life, he sought to pray vocally. "Never before had I made such an attempt," the young boy said.

But his unfaltering belief in the promise of the Scriptures resulted

in one of the most beautiful visions, as well as one of the most significant, ever recorded. "I saw a pillar of light," he said, "exactly over my head, above the brightness of the sun, which descended gradually until it fell upon me. . . . When the light rested upon me I saw two personages, whose brightness and glory defy all description, standing above me in the air. One of them spoke unto me, calling me by name, and said, pointing to the other—*This is my beloved Son, hear him.*"

What grander message could be given to man than that which Joseph Smith received? The Church had its inception through the direct word of the Lord at this time, for Joseph proved faithful to the heavenly trust that was then placed in him.

Three years later, in a second glorious vision, the angel Moroni appeared in robes of "exquisite whiteness" and told Joseph of the restoration of the everlasting gospel. Shortly after this the angel delivered into his hands the plates of beaten gold, upon whose surfaces were inscriptions of exceedingly fine workmanship.

Although David Whitmer, Oliver Cowdery, Martin Harris and the eight witnesses were the only other human beings in this dispensation who ever saw the golden plates, every true "Mormon's" faith comes into being through this concept. In his mind the image of the vision and of the golden plates is a living thing. It is interwoven into all that is vital in his life, into everything that he holds sacred and dear.

The world in general laughed the revelations to scorn, but God's message to Joseph Smith was so gloriously vital that it at once became more real than life itself in the hearts of many. Transcending, as it does, human limitations with the hope—indeed the very knowledge—of eternal progress, it embodies the most uplifting ideas given to man. And even as the religious beliefs are illumined by divine truth and wisdom, they were restored to the earth under unutterably beautiful circumstances. The substance of Mormonism and the way in which it was given are so closely interwoven they are practically indivisible.

But of what did the material surroundings that pertained to the physical needs of those who believed in the message consist?

The contrast was so complete as to constitute an arresting difference. Most Latter-day Saints were poor during the organization period of the Church. Nearly all of those people who had been well situated gave up —or lost— their means of earning a good livelihood. Even subsistence became a problem to some who had known near luxury, their circumstances became so changed when they embraced the gospel. The experience of Daniel Spencer in 1840 is but one example of many to substantiate this fact. The journal history of the handcart company of 1856 tells how he closed his store for one week while he thought over the gospel message that he had heard in a meeting. At the close of the service the presiding missionary stepped into the aisle and said: "In the name of the Lord, is there anyone here who will give me a night's lodging?" Dead silence ensued until Daniel Spencer spoke. His words were, "I will entertain you, Sir, for humanity's sake."

Instead of taking the man to the hotel as was his wont in the case of distinguished visitors in the town, he gave him a room in his own home. The week of silence followed, at the end of which time Daniel Spencer could not deny the testimony that had been born in his spirit. But

acceptance was the end of his merchandising business in this location.

Most Church members were forced to adjust to the humblest forms of living. Only by gathering together could they strengthen the new religious organization sufficiently to carry out its purposes. This entailed the abandonment of homes already established, moving into new locations, and often the development of new territory. Since the missionary system had already come into being, a large proportion of what money the Latter-day Saints had was going into this channel. The result of these various conditions was to force the people into meager surroundings. Log houses, other extremely humble homes, and forts, or communal dwellings, were usually the forerunners of each new settlement.

But there was one aspect in the Church organization which was most exalted, even in a material way. The House of the Lord was not to be of lowly fashion. God had revealed certain ordinances which were to be performed in a building that must be constructed and dedicated to the purpose. The grand plan of salvation for the dead, the sealing of living couples in eternal marriage as well as the bestowing of endowments, could not be consummated in any place on earth other than one which was designed and set apart for such ordinances. Through revelation Joseph Smith realized that such a structure could be nothing less than a temple. The knowledge was part of the tidings which were given to him in the restored plan of everlasting truth.

The Kirtland temple, a magnificent accomplishment for the times and condition of the people, became a reality only through manifold sacrifices. Numberless as they were, small as they seemed, they represented real privation. The appeal for contributions had been made throughout the Church. Men and women in the newly organized missions of far lands gave up their tea —which was not then forbidden—to add their mite to the growing account. Some who were already cold burned less fuel; others lighted fewer candles, and some went without kerosene in behalf of the sacred building.

But the temple was no sooner dedicated than it had to be abandoned; the Saints were forced to leave Kirtland. The Mormons were not altogether free from fault in the antagonisms that set their neighbors' hearts against them, but also, they were victims of terribly unjust persecution.

Their migratory course unfailingly led them a little farther to the West; often the courageous group reclaimed a seemingly undesirable region. On a beautiful rise of ground above the Mississippi River they drained a damp area formerly unfit for human habitation; but here they established their city of Nauvoo, the Beautiful. How the city flourished! Log cabins were soon replaced by fine houses among those who inevitably prosper under any conditions. But there, as in Kirtland, homes were of secondary importance. It was the temple on the hill that commanded the most glorious site of all, and to whose building the people again devoted their very lives.

This beloved structure was barely dedicated when it too was abandoned. The "Mormons" fled in the face of martyrdom and a storm of indescribable persecution. They deserted their homes; they said farewell to their temple on the hill, but the gospel truths were living things —they could not be left behind.

In Utah other temples were built. One of Brigham Young's first acts

was to select the site for the Salt Lake Temple. Four were erected while Utah was still a territory, but not without inestimable toil, labor, and personal sacrifice. No more were built for many years, but what monuments to the integrity of the pioneers are these four! What a glorious symbol of beauty apart from its religious significance, which of course is the pre-eminent quality of its being, is the statue of the angel Moroni standing with his trumpet to his lips atop the highest stone of the Salt Lake Temple. There is no greater example of beauty in the entire country than this statue, according to the judgment of several eminent artists.

But, in the meantime, while those buildings were under construction, and for long years after they were completed, what were the other houses of worship like throughout the Church? In some cases there were fine buildings for ward and stake meetinghouses. But often the places for religious service were of spare and unpromising exterior and interior aspect. In the missions the gathering places of the Latter-day Saints have at times been actually forbidding and undesirable.

The emphasis of Mormonism, however, could not be placed upon the surroundings. It was the message which the elders carried that was then, as now, the important phase. Otherwise, how could the gospel have survived? The increase in the church membership bears witness to the fact that the beauty of the religion offset the sordidness of the surroundings.

There was another reason beside the limited means of the Church for such pitiable conditions. The "Mormons" were usually denied the use of a better place. The exceptions, let it be told to the honor of Christianity, came through the kindness of Protestant ministers. Sometimes the missionaries were allowed the use of their churches. It is true such use often ended in persecution of the "Mormons" and attempts to drive the elders from the towns in which they were seeking to establish a foothold. But this is not surprising when one stops to consider that the elders were endeavoring to convert members from the very sects whose churches they were occupying. Latter-day Saint Headquarters were nearly always established under fairly desirable conditions. Indeed though, with the exception of the temples and the beautiful tabernacle in Salt Lake City, grandeur in any form was unknown to the "Mormons."

Gradually this order has changed. In the European missions some very fine chapels have been erected; the one in Denmark is exceptionally handsome. Although in other lands some are located in the very poor districts, and thus signify that there is yet much to do, much satisfaction can be derived from what has already been accomplished. Present headquarters in the different countries are very estimable, and in many places interested people from any station in life need have no aversion to entering the "Mormon" meeting houses.

In America, Canada, and Hawaii other temples have been built; still more are planned. In Washington, D. C. one of the most interesting features of the city is the Latter-day Saint chapel with its fine organ. The organ is becoming almost as well known as the historic tabernacle instrument. The person in charge of the chapel must of necessity be a well-educated cultured man as well as a musician, for it is he who represents Mormonism to all those who visit this chapel as non-members.

Mormonism is no longer primarily confined to a condition of impover-

ishment. Church organizations are seldom limited to only that which is humble in life. Now it is to the glory and the praise of the Church that it can put forward a beautification program. The power of emotion exerts a tremendous influence upon our religious tendencies. There is no question that beautiful surroundings should cultivate a spirit of reverence, order, and godliness as an intrinsic part of one's attitude in his church attendance and in his communion with the Lord.

Beautiful surroundings should be an influence for good in the lives of children who are prone to disrespect. Just as Temple Square in Salt Lake City has been beautified with statues of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, the Seagull monument, and the monument to The Three Witnesses, lovely gardens, and excellent upkeep, it would be a fine venture if each ward and stake throughout the Church would do something in keeping with the spirit of Temple Square. The beautification program must go forward. If our forebears could sacrifice as they did for the sake of the temples, surely the church members of this generation can support the plan for finer buildings, improved surroundings, and an increased number of temples and chapels throughout the United States and foreign lands.

But just as the gospel truths once stood for all the beauty that the people knew, no material surroundings, no matter how lovely they may become, must ever be allowed to displace the beauty of the spiritual values. Even as the angel Moroni himself delivered the golden plates into the hands of the boy prophet, and just as his statue represents all that is beautiful in art as he stands with uplifted trumpet announcing the Restoration of the Gospel, let this symbol of beauty serve by way of contrast as the key to humility through remembrance of the humble material surroundings in the origin of the Church as well as the glorification of our spiritual beginnings. The imagery of the angel is the covenant which binds thought with emotion, remembrance of the past with the hope of the future.

Activities

1. Find examples in your community of how beautification of public buildings or recreation centers has changed for the better the spirit and attitude of those who frequent the area.

2. Occasionally one sees a ward amusement hall where the furnishings and walls are marred and defaced, and the surroundings are unkempt. Discuss the influence of such conditions upon the general discipline of the ward.

3. Discuss the advantage to each ward of an artistically decorated and well-furnished room for Relief Society meetings.

Child Guidance

Lesson 8

Mental Hygiene of Childhood

FOR many years, one of the greatest concerns of parents and doctors has been the physical health of the child, and great strides have been made in reducing infant and childhood mortality. But what about the mental health of our children? We have seldom thought much about

that, yet the problem of mental illness in recent years has come to be as great as that of all the physical ills put together.

According to recent census reports for United States, hospitals for the mentally ill have 500,000 beds compared with only 525,000 for all other hospitals combined. One reason for the large number of mental hospital beds is that mental cases usually remain much longer than ordinary hospital cases.

The number of hospital beds does not tell the real story about the seriousness of mental illness. The world is strewn with character failures, cranks, and all manner of unstable and neurotic individuals who may never become ill enough to need to be placed in an institution.

According to a study made in New York State, one person out of every twenty-two in the general population becomes a patient in a mental hospital at some time in his life. In a certain number of cases, bodily disease, accidental injuries, or poisonous conditions are the cause; but in the majority of cases, the individual's personality fails in one respect or another without any clear-cut physical cause. Many of these failures are probably the natural result of defective training in the art of living, training which begins in the cradle. A set of personality tendencies may serve the child well while he has no responsibilities and while he lives in the home that nurtured him. Often when the stress and strain of adolescence comes, however, the childish methods which served well in the home fail in the crisis of finding one's way in an adult world. Little wonder that adolescence is a harvesting period for all the bad training of childhood, and hence a period during which nervous breakdowns are common, and milder failures are innumerable.

To preserve the mental health of the child is the parent's greatest responsibility. For what profit has the child if he is healthy in body, but sick in spirit?

Mothers may be concerned as to how to tell when the child is mentally well. Mental illness has a beginning in small ailments of the mind. Perhaps the simplest guide to the mental health of the child is found in this question: Is the child happily engaged most of the time in activities that are socially acceptable? If he plays vigorously at games that are not disapproved by his community and which are enjoyed by most other children of his age, if he is happy in his home, if at school he finds worth while tasks that are enjoyable—then he is on the road to mental health.

Mental health is such a complicated condition that the simple key given above may not give the true picture. Morgan says that "When any child is habitually markedly different in any respect from the rest of his group, he needs further study." Balance of one's personality characteristics is the basis of mental health; abiding happiness is usually the evidence of mental health.

Mental health means efficiency in living so as to satisfy in the least conflicting manner all of one's legitimate wants or needs. Disregard for the rights of others, for example, brings loss of good-will and help when it is needed, and therefore it does not satisfy efficiently all of one's needs.

Some conditions that favor mental health will be discussed briefly. This list of conditions does not pretend to cover the entire field, but only those conditions that are considered most essential and which have been touched upon in this course of lessons.

First of all, mental health calls for bodily health. The value we put on life varies almost directly with the "zest for living" we feel in our bodies. A happy spirit increases body tone and physical health. Conspicuous physical deformities, as previously shown, cause distressing conflicts for which successful compensations are not always achieved.

Second, ability to withstand pain and disappointment without expecting everyone we meet to join in the grief is a great help in a world in which pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, success and failure are inevitably mixed almost every day of our lives. Children who are inadequate in physical ability or in leadership qualities often fall prey to the desire to be coddled, to *enjoy* ill-health, and perhaps to think that the satisfying of their own needs is the all-important business of those with whom they have intimate association.

This weakness is frequently encountered in adults: the mother who gets sick to arouse the sympathy and interest of a father who is negligent, or the father who complains of his little pains and troubles to gain a sympathy and tolerance he cannot find in a hostile business world.

Third, the child must have a sense of being wanted in the home. Adopted children and children in broken homes often have poor mental health and are consequently more often delinquent than average children—partly because they feel insecure in their homes and in the affections of their parents. This type of lingering distress produces more nervous fatigue than does a good day's work. Little wonder the unwanted child is often nervous!

Fourth, mental health is hardly possible to the child who is a victim of besetting fears and dreads. "Bogey men" are real to children, however silly they seem to adults. Willful frightening of children is as vicious as feeding them impure food. Fears and dreads rob sleep of its restoring power and set up certain internal secretions which interfere with digestion; and, worst of all, they leave the mind beside itself and in as distressed a condition as a stomach afflicted with indigestion. Have you ever seen a child who is *afraid* to appear really happy?

Some of our over-zealous preaching brings in all sorts of threats of impending evils and dire results of misconduct. A sense of sin sometimes results and brings that horrible dread of punishment for this life or the hereafter. For a child who hardly knows right from wrong, this type of teaching is definitely detrimental to his mental health. Better teach positively, as the Master did, that "he that endureth to the end shall be saved," that the pure in heart shall be blessed by seeing God, and that if we wish others to do good to us we should do so to them.

Fifth, the child who has the habit of taking greater interest in people and activities than in himself and the products of his imagination is usually happy. He is the one who develops a good personality because he *practices* more in getting along with the world of people and things. The unsocial child is usually unhappy and is more likely to develop mental illness than the active and sociable one, even though the latter may be more mischievous. Since personality grows out of the child's effort to get along with people, his living in a world of his own thoughts and troubles does not contribute much to his personality growth.

Real interest in other people means a liking for them and freedom from hate, jealousy, and lingering grudges.

A child cannot be happy when nursing these unpleasant emotions.

Sixth, the happy child's greatest interest is in today, then tomorrow, with only a passing interest in yesterday. Looking back, as a habit, is to be discouraged. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." The over-conscientious child is likely to regret his mistakes longer than he should. The adult with a future closing in ahead of him, looks back to borrow a moment of joy from yesterday. But if looking back takes the place of the joy of today and the anticipation of the future, it is dangerous to one's mental health.

When a child runs up against difficult conditions which call for a revising of his habits on a more mature or grown-up level, he sometimes runs back (or regresses) into childhood and tries to use a more childish devise for gaining his ends. Adults sometimes have the same fault. The healthy minded child seeks new challenges each day and drives ahead toward becoming more manly, more grown up. He shuns all appearances of childish ways.

Seventh, every child to keep happy must have tasks at his mental level. This means that he must be given work or play that is difficult enough to challenge the best in him, but easy enough that he can "see through" to the goal. This point was treated more thoroughly in a previous lesson.

Finally, a father and mother who are mentally well, understanding, loving (but not over-indulgent) are the most essential guarantee of the mental health of the child. Bad attitudes in the home are contagious. A home atmosphere of consideration for others, free from nagging, hostility, and thoughtless preaching is the greatest mental hygiene asset a child can have. Severe hostility among the children contributes greatly to their unhappiness and is an indication of poor training in the home.

In the schools, these same conditions are essential, but too often not found. Teachers with disagreeable dispositions and other striking personality difficulties should not be permitted to retard the learning processes of the child by making the whole classroom situation unpleasant. Congenial companionship with other children at school is also important to the mental health of the child. The school bully and the chronic delinquent child are often stumbling blocks to the children who may have come from the best of homes, and these bad influences can seldom be disposed of directly. The parent often has to resort to helping the child to fight his own battles and find his own way, because life is notoriously cluttered up with a certain amount of these unpleasant and unwholesome influences; and the child should be taught how to stand on his own feet in the presence of them.

Problems for Discussion

1. What does mental hygiene mean to you in your home? Contrast it with physical hygiene.

2. What does poor home training have to do with filling our institutions for the mentally ill and social failures? (Mental hospitals, penitentiaries, industrial schools.)

3. What is the effect on a child's mental health when he withdraws from play and spends an undue amount of time with his thoughts and troubles?

4. What do you consider the three most essential conditions for mental health in children? What can you do to provide them for your children?

5. Name a few signs of mental health in children and show the significance of each.

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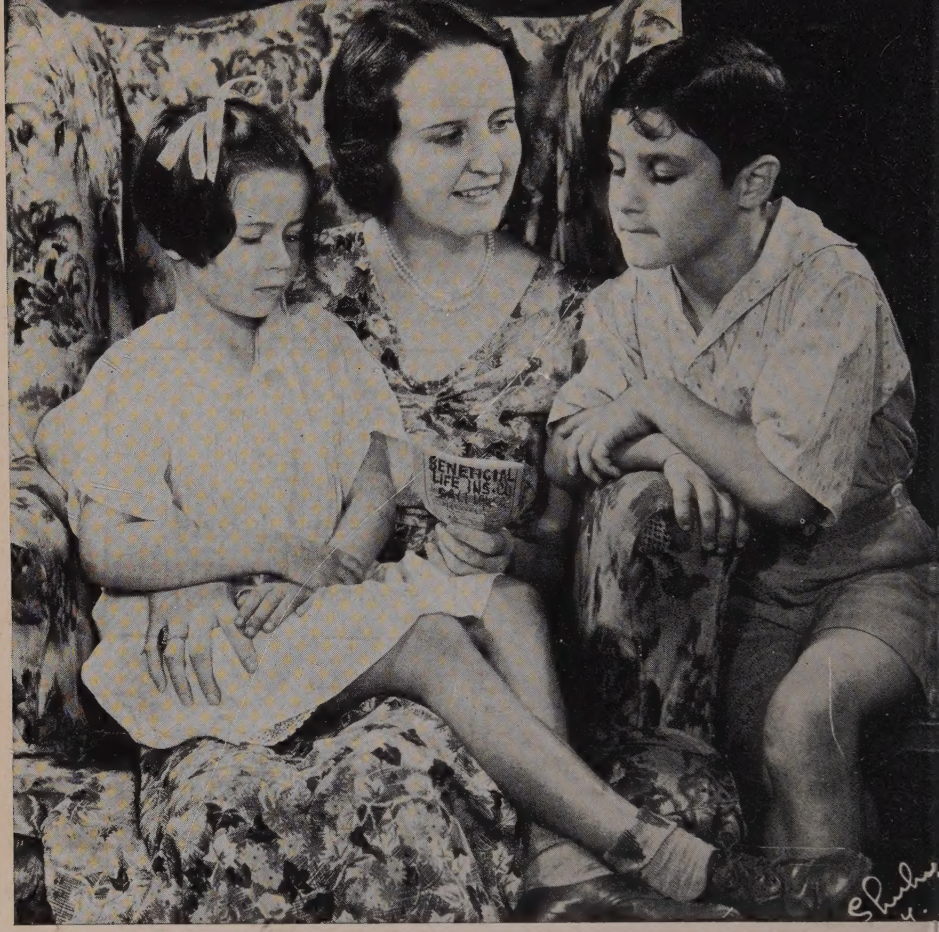

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